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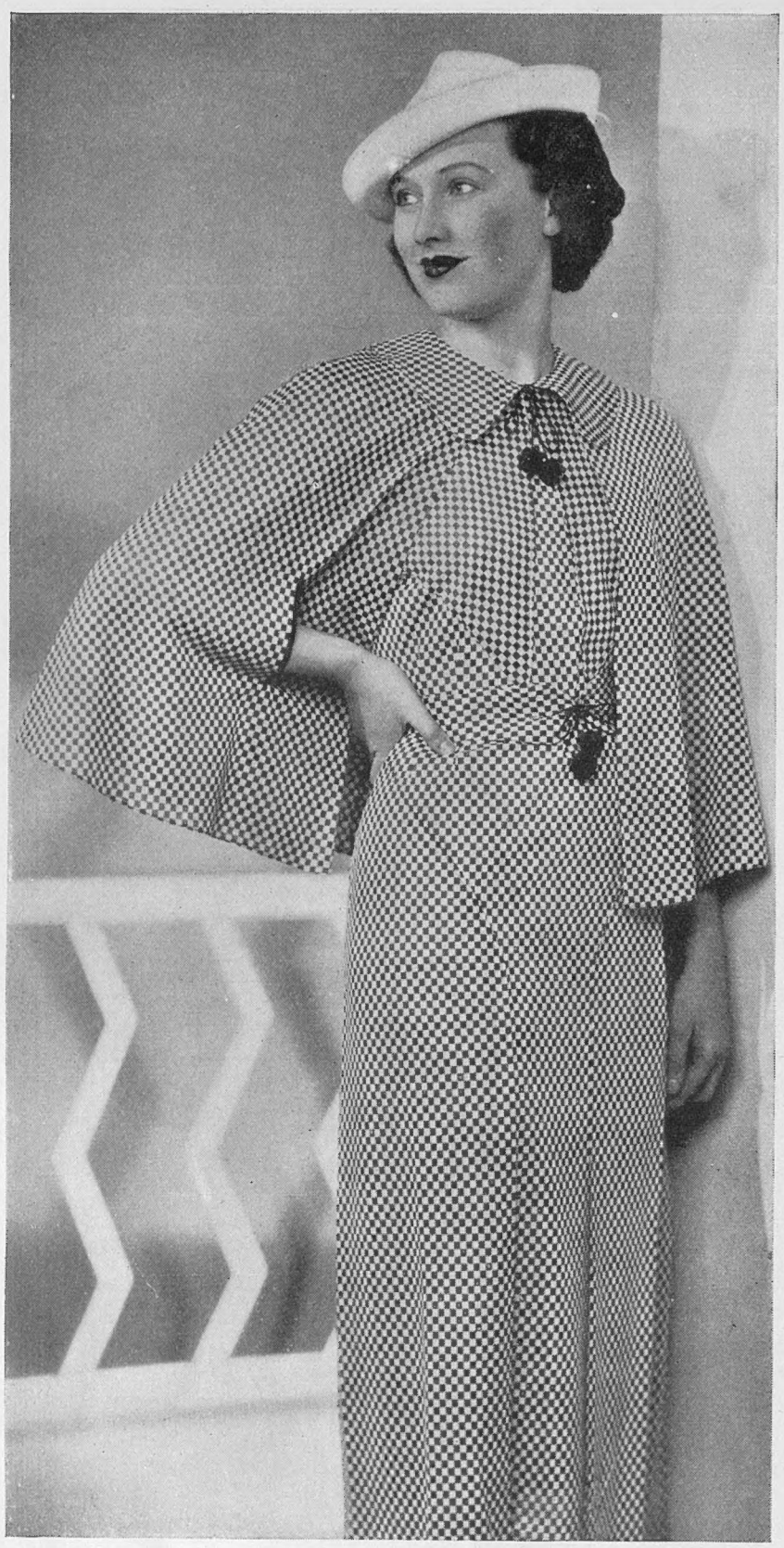

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, March 7, 1936

The "Queen Mary's" Streamlined Bridge

A Notable Feature of the Great Liner

King Edward's visit to the *Queen Mary* focuses still further attention on the giant Cunard White Star liner and potential record-breaker which is now nearing completion in Messrs. John Brown's fitting-out basin at Clydebank, and is scheduled to start her maiden voyage from Southampton to New York on May 27. In spite of her enormous bulk of over 70,000 tons it is apparent that she is as graceful as any of her predecessors on the North Atlantic, while the beauty and luxury of her internal fittings are products of the combined efforts of outstanding contemporary artists and craftsmen—the *Queen Mary* truly epitomises the skill of a nation in a hundred and one different spheres of activity. The above picture shows the towering streamlined bridge, which has an "overhang" of about 12 ft. beyond each side of the ship, so that it is possible for the officers on duty to see the whole length of the hull from either the port or starboard wing-house. It will have the further advantage of giving a good point of view when docking, when lowering the boats, or when tenders or other craft come alongside

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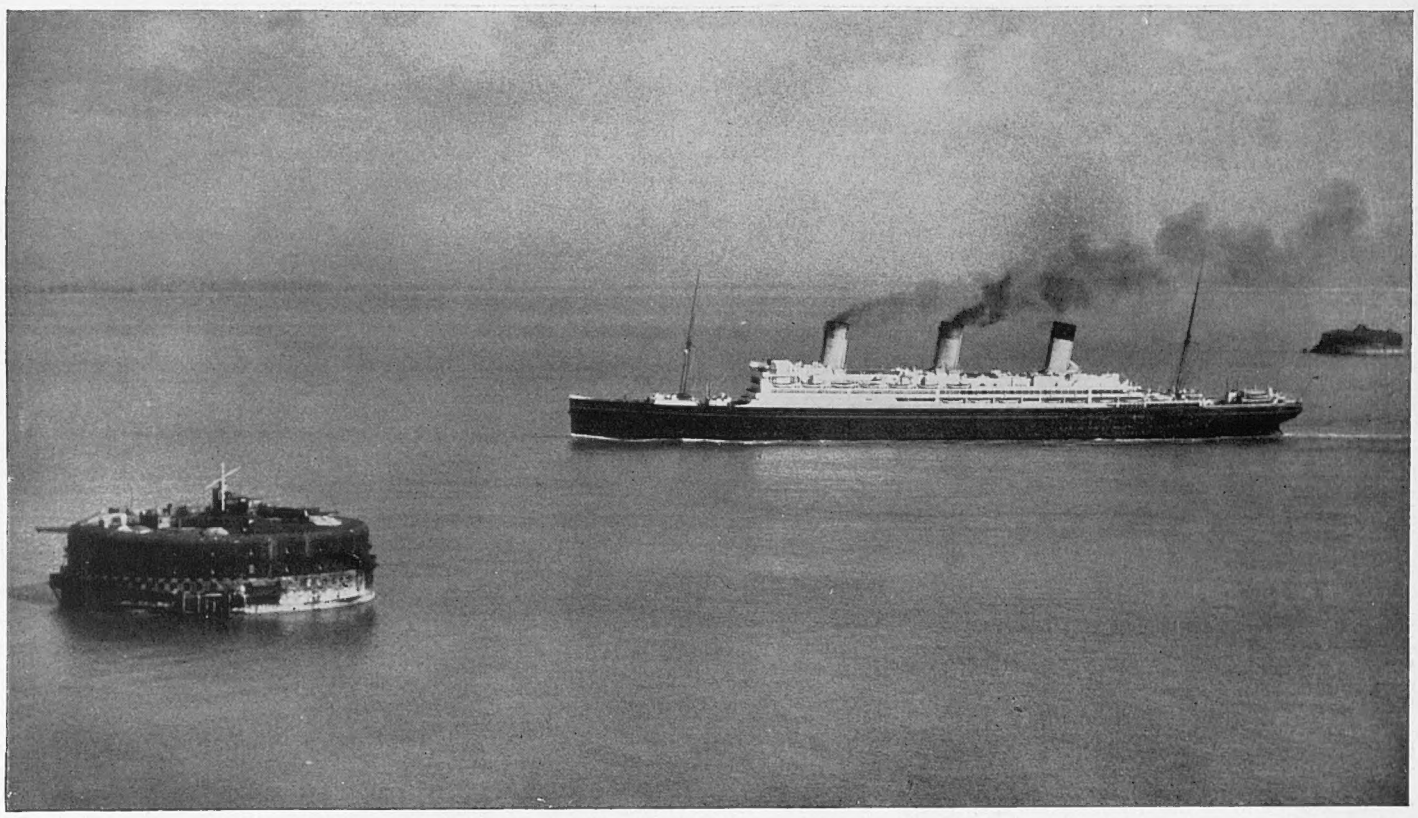


ANOTHER ATLANTIC GIANT GOES OUT OF COMMISSION: The 56,000-ton Cunard White Star liner *Majestic* approaching Southampton at the end of what may be her last voyage, as, although her future is still uncertain, she is no longer on the sailing list, and it has been decided that many of the crew will be absorbed into the new *Queen Mary*. *Majestic*, which was built by the famous Hamburg firm of Blohm and Voss, was originally known as *Bismarck*, and was taken over in 1922 as a "reparation" ship from Germany. Several other large Atlantic liners have also passed out of service recently, among them the record-breaker *Mauretania* (30,696 tons), *Olympic* (46,439 tons), *Homeric* (34,350 tons), and *Doric* (16,000 tons)

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, March 4, 1936.

CIVILISATION'S ADOWA.

—In the great victory of Marshal Badoglio's army whose celebrations intoxicated all Italy on Sunday, there is a "morning after" reflection. Whatever the ancient and long-standing grievances which led Italy across the Rubicon in the face of world opinion (and however justly based), a victory by superior numbers of highly trained troops, armed with the latest devices for mass murder, over a semi-armed, untrained, and semi-barbarous race defending what is left of its territory, is bound to weigh the scales of sympathy in favour of the vanquished. Rightly or wrongly, the world says: it is no great matter for a Roman Holiday. It is a victory to celebrate privately and without a triumph expensively staged. It is an embarrassing victory for all concerned. For Abyssinia, no doubt. For Italy, because she is committed on the eve of the big rains to further advances and lengthening communications or else to making impossible peace conditions. And to Europe? Europe surely must feel (and the League representing Europe) that this mass murder must be laid to the door of her policy of wobble, her utter failure to take measures under the Covenant to stop the war, which any fair-minded man would regard as serious. That failure is to-day thrown into sharper relief. The victory is not less embarrassing to Europe because effective measures are proved to have been impossible. We remember that the oil-sanction was first mooted six months ago. To-day its application, even if approved, would be long deferred.

WHOLESALE MURDER.—

Japan once more takes over the task of harrying Peace out of Civilisation. A few young officers carefully laid their plans and successfully assassinated several members of the Tokyo Government. Membership of a Japanese Government has long been catalogued as a highly dangerous trade, and murder is the first card played in the game by political opponents. Japan as a nation, highly industrialised and ever seeking outlets, favours the already aggressive policy of its Government for dominating the Far East, and for so managing China as to make that sluggish gold mine yield up its vast resources for those who can develop them. But the patriotic societies, and especially the military hot-heads who have been taught to meddle with politics, are not satisfied with progress. They believe that the goal would be more quickly reached if Parliamentary government were cut out and it were left to the army (under the Emperor) to pursue the nation's political aims with the sword. So a couple of young captains exterminate the Government to smooth the way for Japan's aspirations, and "negotiation" with the murderers is not ruled out as one way out of the unpleasantness. Always it is the same thing. Sane men build brick by brick and any day an ignorant madman, who sees no further than his snub- or snipe- nose, can bring the building crashing to the ground. From the blood of Abel to the blood of Saito, has any murder ever achieved its object? Always political assassination is conceived in ignorance, always it is still-born. Always it produces an effect quite unforeseen by those who planned it in a mess-room or other pot-house, an effect disastrous to their cause. The whole world is rotten with sores and ulcers. The troubles of Europe have temporarily thrown the troubles of the Far East into the shade. Perhaps now it will be 'tother way about. Who knows? It is cold comfort for us in Europe and a hint perhaps to America that splendid isolation from the bloc of sanity which survives in civilisation may not for ever be sound policy.

RETROGRADE.—*Vestigia nulla retrorsum?*

I fear that our civilisation cannot make this boast. Every year or month we have proof that our "progress" is as often retrograde as forward, albeit sometimes retrogression is but a sensible admission of a false start. In that category of retrogression in thought is the now growing belief that the League of Nations was unwisely organised and given a constitution too heavy and cast-iron for its still frail foundations in world solidarity. There is salvation and not failure in the suggestion that its preliminary work of conciliation and settlement of disputes should be split up among regional or continental committees, representing Europe, the Americas, and the Far Eastern nations. There is no retrogression in thought in the solid belief of the nations that the spirit of the League must not be suffered to flicker out but by every and any wise experiment must be nursed to ultimate strength. But in America's decision to adhere to the mammoth battleship we cannot so easily dismiss the charge of retrogression. It had a serious effect on the now vanishing hopes of restricted success from the Naval Conference, and is a backward step in the face of expert opinion on the doubtful utility of 35,000-ton battleships. And as for the pollution of the atmosphere of London (to drop to domestic trifles) it is a startling and bitter truth which announces to us that, despite all our vaunts and efforts, the pollution of London air from smoke is now worse than it was a dozen years ago.

BUSINESS AS USUAL: The action of the Football League in cancelling last Saturday's Association football programme and not announcing the new fixtures until the eleventh hour, in an attempt to defeat the operations of pool betting, has evidently not had the desired effect, and this picture, taken in the offices of a well-known Liverpool firm, gives some idea of the volume of work transacted during the week end when, as usual, coupons poured in from all parts of the country. There is a loudspeaker in the room which is used for issuing instructions to the girls when they are checking the entries following the publication of the results

POOL-BETTING.—

I am one of those—I humbly confess it—who in many matters which affect the amusements of the millions (especially in the world of so-called "sport") are left in the darkness of ignorance. I awake one morning to find some fashion famous and learn with amazement that it has long been in common practice. Thus it was with "pool-betting." Until two or three weeks ago I had never heard of it. I am like the lady in the maelstrom of Reform in 1832 who had "never heard of Lord Grey." Then I suddenly read of a deputation by a religious-social body to the Government authorities praying for action to prevent this social evil. Soon after I read that the Football League was proposing drastic action to scotch the snake, if snake it be. That piece of news brought the whole question to the table, since there was difference of opinion about the wisdom of the League's plan. My eye was now trained to catch the headline "pool-betting," and I read the report of a judgment in the Appeal Court at Edinburgh in which their Lordships unanimously decided that racing and similar pools are purely lotteries and do not give any perceptible opportunity for skill. After that, pool-betting became a front page caption. But nowhere could I find a child's guide to the knowledge of what this business is, which involves an annual "investment" of £30,000,000 and has captured the absorbed interest of 25,000 Swedes in British football! I felt I ought to know, although not long back I suggested that journalists need not and should not claim omniscience. So I made it my business to find out. It seems a delightful pastime—easy money—and I hope I haven't as usual come in too late for a good thing.

"INCOME FROM ROYALTIES."—

The Coronation which is likely to take place in mid-May 1937, is, strange to say, already occupying the close attention of quite a number of people. Court officials and heralds and others concerned with ceremonial are once more examining the precedents and studying the Coronation literature of past reigns, not least that of George III.

Hospitals on the probable routes are already considering the best means of exploiting their good fortune and even making allowance in their budgets for the profits on these unhatched chicks. And finally far-sighted and shrewd traders are (well within the law, of course) seeking to corner supplies of certain velvets, ermine, and so forth. And these things lead me to reflect that mineowners and authors are not the only people who "derive an income from royalties." The British nation has been doing it for several years past. If you come to think of it, the pageantry and processions arising out of the many recent happy incidents in the family history of our Royal house, have afforded an extraordinary impetus to a score of trades. They have given employment to thousands of carpenters, painters, labourers, dressmakers, decorators, manufacturers of bunting and allied materials; have benefited railway companies and all transport, hotels, caterers, restaurants, shipping and air liners, newspapers and the book trade, and, less directly, as many other branches of industry. It has been our habit, during recent Royal marriage occasions, to abandon ourselves entirely to that one enthralling interest. The crises of Europe fade into pinpoints, our own domestic anxieties are forgotten. In hundreds of supplements and special numbers, all news save of the Royal Family is by common consent

crowded out, and we settle down to our royal rejoicings for weeks on end. Looking back over the past decade it is a remarkable fact that emerges from a careful estimate of the time we have devoted to these happy interests and the huge "royalties" we have drawn from the ceremonies. We can confidently expect another big dividend in 1937, and there is no tax levied on the hope that other ceremonies connected with the Royal house of a nature happy without qualification may benefit us in the future. It is at least true to the letter to say that, consciously and unconsciously, directly and obliquely, the House of Windsor has constantly identified itself with furthering the trade interests of the country.

PARLIAMENT SQUARE.—It is not always easy to drive one's loyalties as a team. One of my own is a warm partisanship of national economy. Another, not less warm, is adherence to all bodies which strive to prevent commercial exploitation and the uglification generally of places of natural beauty or historic interest. Parliament Square is such a place no doubt. It is fairly labelled a (or the) Heart of the Empire. It and its neighbouring buildings—Westminster Abbey, St. Margaret's, Westminster Hall, even the Houses of Parliament—demand that it should be preserved, and given added dignity and beauty, and such peace as can remain to it. A year ago it was announced that a vast commercial building was to overshadow it from the corner of Great George Street. The Middlesex C.C. courageously and expensively bought out the speculators. It has not the means to preserve this site as an open space. Build on it the council must, albeit tastefully, unless the Government would give a grant in aid. To keep the site free, a sum of £375,000 is needed. If the Government would subscribe £125,000, the rest would be forthcoming from the London and Middlesex C.Cs. An appeal was made to the Government by the councils, warmly backed by all party interests in the House. The Treasury turned it down, fearing the creation of a precedent for other claims upon it (*e.g.*, the Tower site). Last week Sir William Davison asked the Government to reconsider its decision. It answered clearly, "No, sir." Can you forgive it? Ought we to blame it? It is squandering hundreds of millions on "unproductive" armaments. What is £125,000? A drop in the ocean? Or the thin end of a wedge? I am sorry, but I cannot find it in my heart to blame the Government, which will be under fire from every taxpayer a month from now.

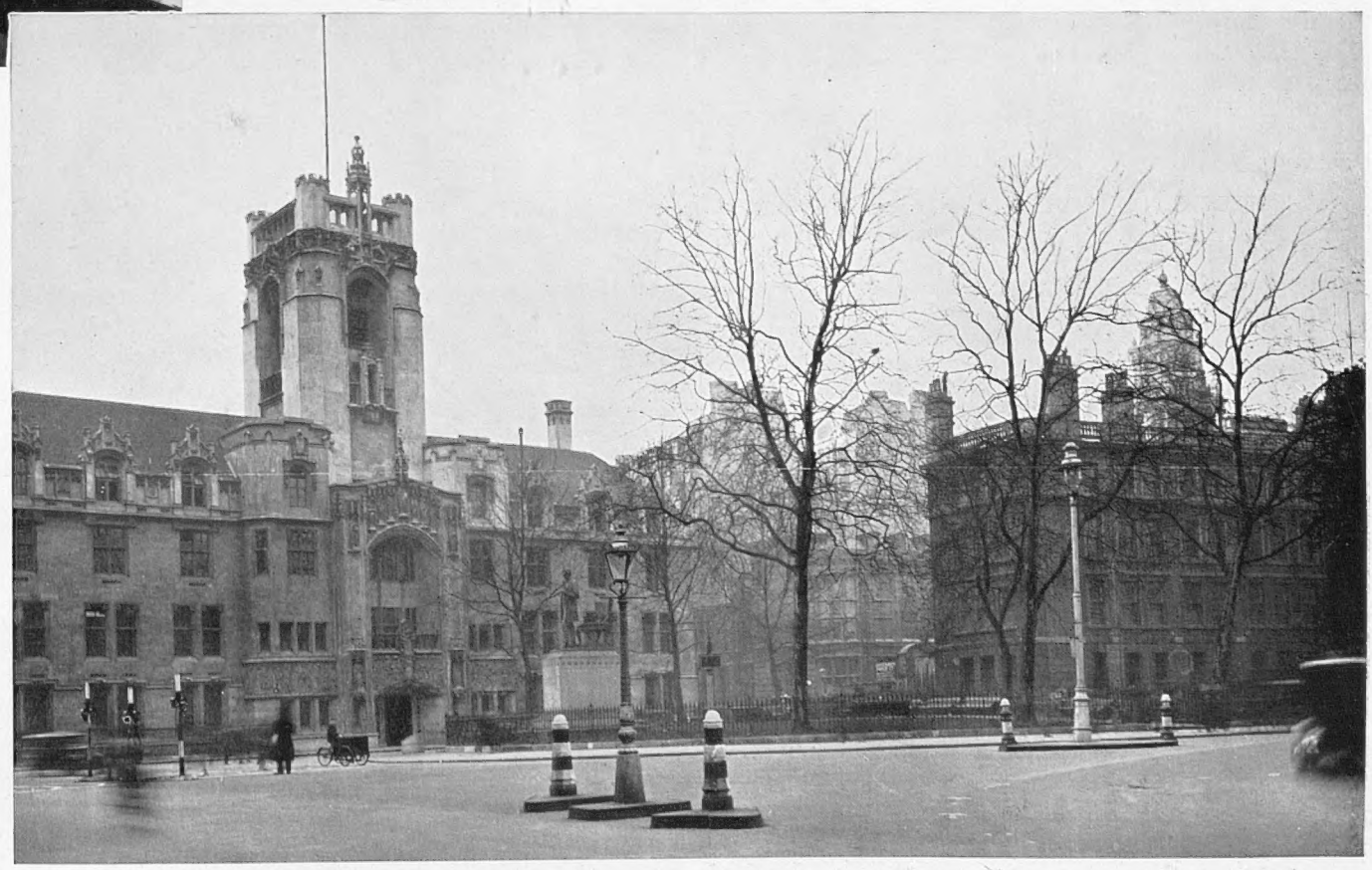
THE OLD SCHOOL TIE.—To give birth to a pocket-borough, conceived in snobbery, must be a painful function of nature, and several Labour Members, not sitting for University constituencies, expressed the view that it should be made impossible. The House was discussing a private member's Bill for the abolition of the University franchise. If they felt a sense of intellectual inferiority as they faced the defences of the entrenched University members (Mr. MacDonald absent), their curiously muddled metaphors gave substance to those feelings. I would not call Lord Hugh Cecil a "typical commoner" in a Democratic Parliament, but he spoke practical politics when he propounded the dilemma: "If education makes everybody reactionary and darkens the mind, why press for the enlargement of educational opportunities (even at the universities) for the masses?" The old school tie is more often a red rag to the bull than a masonic symbol, and, Heaven knows, the six Conservatives, two Liberals, three Independents, and one National Labour representative who at present sit for University constituencies are not typical of the old school tie freemasonry, or of snobbery, or of intellectual reaction, or superiority or of any one thing but the heterogeneity of the Parliamentary pattern. You can't put Lord Hugh, Ramsay, A.P.H., and the rest in one basket and label them with one name. But it was a holiday item and a god-sent occasion for twitting a politician with daring to change his mind, while accusing him of inability to do that very thing.

EVEREST FACTS. — Mr. Ruttledge on his arrival in India gave out one or two approximate dates and expectations. His party hope to reach Darjeeling about March 12, the Base camp about April 21, and the North Col at 23,000 ft. on May 22. Any time after that the first attempt may be made. These bare details are worth amplifying. I have really tried to get at the vital factors by worrying one of the earlier pioneers on Everest. The romance of this (surely final?) attempt on one of the last remaining inviolable sanctuaries is not to be minimised and we shall watch Mr. Ruttledge's efforts with ever growing interest. The season normally available for the final dash is between May 26 and June 15. This may be curtailed by abnormal cold north-westerly gales or the monsoon coming before its time (i.e. on or after June 15). It has been known to arrive on June 8. The only remaining acute difficulties lie above 27,000 ft. The official height on the summit is still measured as 29,002 ft., and must so remain until this expedition has re-checked it. Mr. Shipton has judged the odds against a successful ascent in any given year as 50–1.

THE WEATHER AND OTHER PARADOXES.—Everything depends on the weather. The "altitude question" is in a word a battle between two processes, acclimatisation and deterioration which proceed simultaneously. Here is a paradox, by the way: as the pioneer approaches the highest altitude, he may have to go *slower* if overwhelmed by the cold, because panting for breath, so far from restoring warmth, dangerously reduces the warmth still in his body. Another paradox and problem is that more snow lies on the summit in summer than in winter. In summer the damp monsoon winds bring a heavy snow deposit; in winter the strong wind blows it away in powder. It is hoped that oxygen will be used at and above the last camp, and a lighter apparatus has been designed. Some fear the results of a breakdown in this apparatus after its use for some time by the pioneer. In such case, because he had used it, he would not be acclimatised lacking it. More porters than ever before are being employed, chiefly to push up by several hundred feet the final camp. It is by no means certain that this mighty aim can be achieved, and even if it is, it does not make the final dash a certainty. Light wireless is to be carried up as far as possible. Smythe, Shipton, and Harris are the only members of the 1933 party (not to include the leader) numbered in this (1936) expedition's climbing party.

YES, SIR.—"Sir," (wrote a correspondent to a famous "Daily" last week) "is not our modern highly mechanised system of life dulling or destroying the quality of our preceptions? In other words, are we not paying too great a price—in loss of appreciation of things that a generation ago we all considered to be good of their kind—for the ready access to excitable types of entertainment which characterises our present age?" His theory arose out of Sir Cedric Hardwicke's now famous utterances on the tendencies of the film and the future of the drama. To me in my backwater or last ditch, his theory is about as novel and not less true than the deep-seated belief that the sun rises more or less in the East and sets less or more in the West. I have no doubt at all that we are paying too high a price for mechanised thrills and that one by one the things that matter and the things that carry one through a long life with philosophy and content are being thrown contemptuously on the scrap heap. We have watched our fathers grow old serenely and we have watched our sons growing up in fitful fever and standing between the two generations, half comforted by the traditions handed down by our fathers, half influenced by the fevers and discontent of modern life, we are well placed to judge the truth and well able to confirm the verdict. Yes, Sir! The answer is in the affirmative (and may end in the infirmary.)

THE OLD STAGER



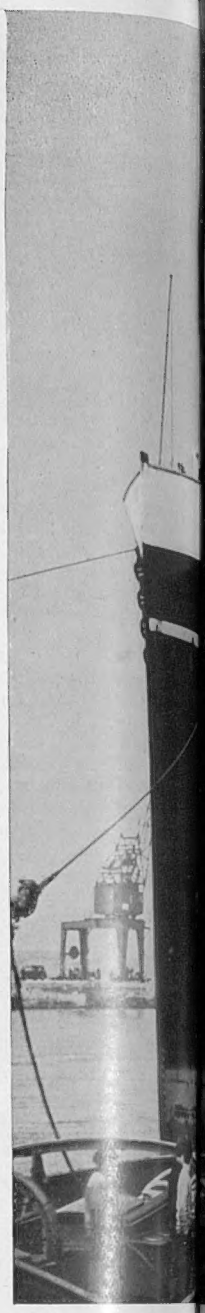
A CHANCE FOR THE PUBLIC SPIRITED: Parliament Square which, as "The Old Stager" points out in his notes, is threatened with being dominated by another new building at the end of Great George Street—an addition that would rob this famous open space of a large measure of its dignity, but which could be prevented by the subscription of £125,000. The site is towards the right of this picture

EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD

An Avalanche in North Wales — "L'Atlantique" Sold to Glasgow Shipbreakers — Adowa Heroes Parade on Italy's Celebration Day

KING WINTER STILL REIGNS: The London-Holyhead road, near Bangor, Carnarvonshire, blocked to a depth of 20 ft., as a result of an avalanche of snow and rock following the recent storm in North Wales the North of England, and Scotland when many routes were impassable to traffic, and special warnings had to be issued by the motoring organisations. This winter appears on the whole to have been even more severe than that of 1928–29, and has been remarkable for its extraordinary vagaries, snow, floods, and fogs alternating with unpleasant regularity

LOGGING IN HERTFORDSHIRE: A sturdy team of five hauling a tree trunk at Beachwood Park where large numbers of ancient oaks and ashes are being cut down and taken to the neighbouring timber mills for sawing. It is expected that the task will occupy very nearly five years



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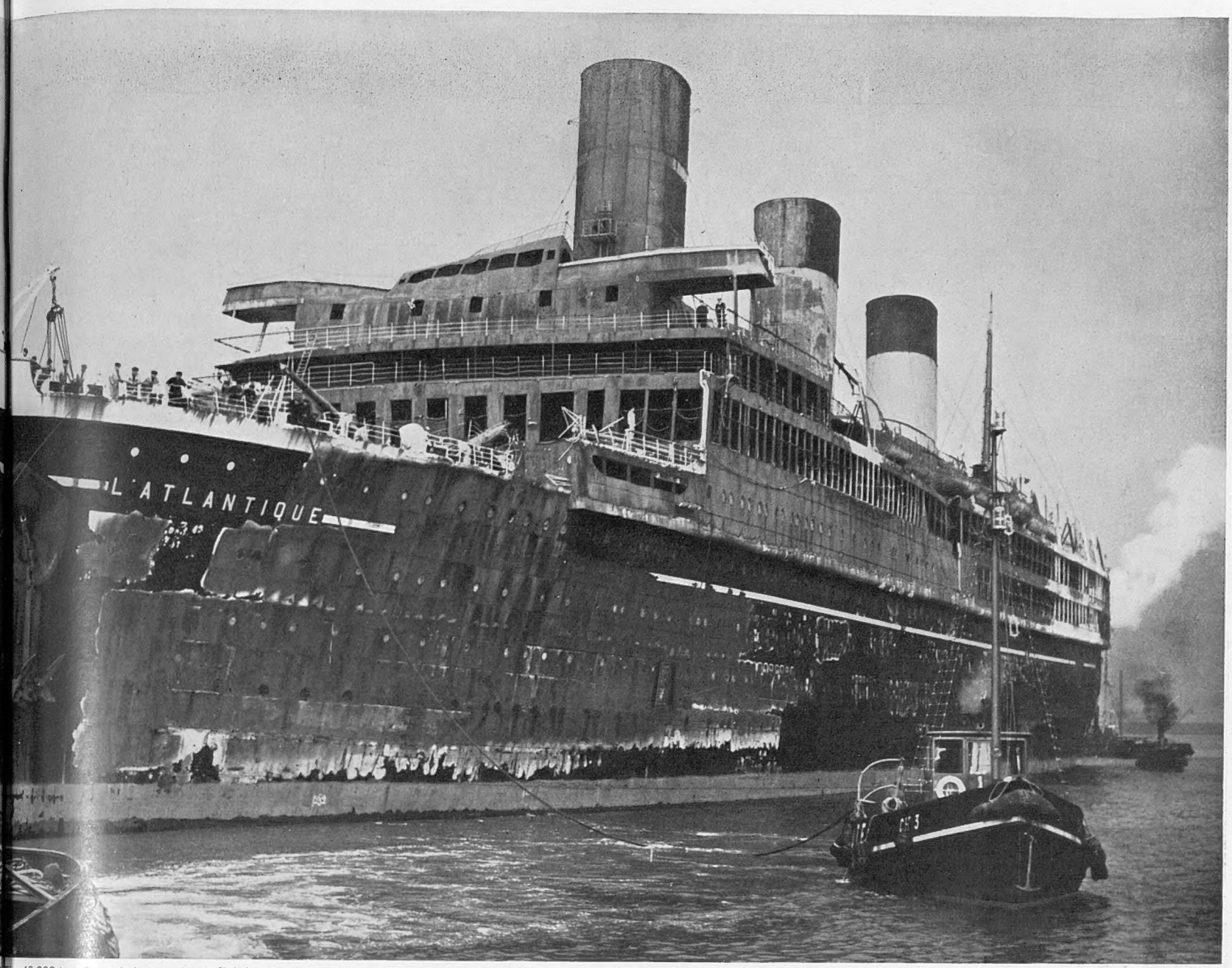
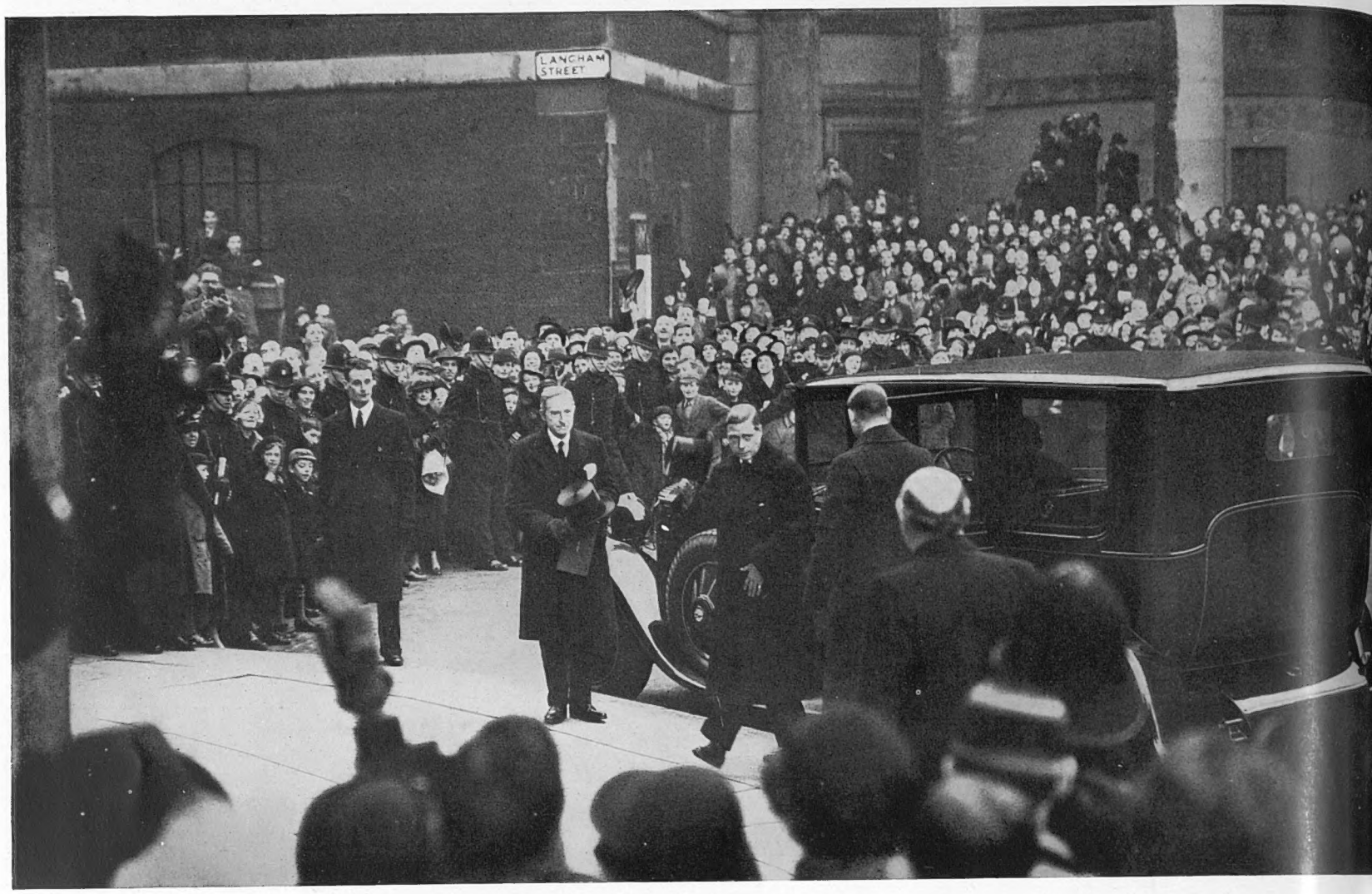


The 42,000-ton French luxury liner *l'Atlantique*, which was gutted by fire in the 1933, and since then has been lying at Cherbourg, has been sold for £57,000 Co., shipbreakers of Fyfe Park, Port Glasgow and, when this picture was taken was in course of being towed to another part of the harbour preparatory to the from France to the West of Scotland. Arrangements for moving her have been of L. Smit & Co., the Rotterdam sea-towing firm who are employing for the 1,000 to 1,500 horse-power. It was only in the middle of January that the lost their final appeal in the long drawn-out case resulting from the disaster, nounced by M. de Chappedelaine, French Minister for the Merchant Marine, aid by the underwriters is to be used for building a new vessel. *On right*—A ridge of *l'Atlantique*, showing how it was buckled by the intense heat

CELEBRATION: Survivors of the battle of Adowa, when Italy was disastrously marching through the streets of Rome last Sunday on their way to attend an officers and men killed in that historic encounter. The day was one of great was celebrating Marshal Badoglio's victory on the previous Friday at Amba Alagi

THE KING'S WORLD BROADCAST: And His St. David's Da Visit to the Welsh Guard



THE CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES: King Edward acknowledging the cheers of an enthusiastic crowd as he arrived at the B.B.C. headquarters last Sunday afternoon preparatory to giving his first broadcast as King and the seventy-sixth of his career—a speech that lasted about eight minutes and was heard by hundreds of millions of people in all parts of the world and created a deep impression

A COMING-OF-AGE: King Edward leaving the Church of All Hallows after attending the Welsh Guards' St. David's Day service which also celebrated the 21st anniversary of the raising of the regiment. He afterwards drove to the Tower to take the salute at the March Past and (*below*) he is pictured distributing leek emblems to the officers

AN HISTORIC PRONOUNCEMENT

His Majesty's Speech to His Peoples

"It has been an ancient tradition of the British monarchy that the new Sovereign should send a written message to his peoples. Science has made it possible for me to make that written message more personal, and to speak to you all over the radio. This, however, is no innovation, for my father has for the last few years spoken to his peoples at Christmas time. Little more than two months ago he broadcast his last Christmas message, and to many of you the sound of his voice must still seem to be ringing in your ears.

● "He was speaking then at the close of a long and wonderful reign which covered a period of twenty-five years, during which unprecedented changes had taken place and great anxieties and problems had been shared by all. Throughout his reign he set a high example of constant devotion to duty, and he was ever concerned for the welfare of his subjects and for all those under his protection. In times of adversity his calm confidence was an inspiration to all his people and he shared in their joys as well as in their sorrows. I know how in the Dominions, in India, in the Colonies, and the Dependencies, the bond of loyalty to the Crown, that symbol of the unity of many lands and many populations, has been strengthened by the tie of personal devotion to my father. I feel that his death is not only an overwhelming grief to my mother and to us, her children, but that it is at the same time also a personal loss to you all.

LEAVING BROADCASTING HOUSE: His Majesty was accorded a rousing send-off as he drove away from Portland Place after his broadcast, having spent nearly an hour in the building during which he took tea with Sir John Reith, the Director-General of the B.B.C., and listened to the first gramophone record of the speech

● "To the Princes and peoples of India I send my greeting as the King-Emperor. The manifestations of your sorrow and of your loyalty at this time have been a source of deep gratification to me. The associations in peace and in war between the British and Indian peoples have been long and honourable, and the example set by Queen Victoria, by King Edward VII, and by King George lays on me as their successor a solemn trust to maintain and strengthen those associations.

● "Queen Mary, my family, and myself have been greatly helped by the world-wide tributes of genuine sorrow which we have received from every side. The vast crowds assembled reverently at the funeral, the homage to the late King's memory, and the written words of sympathy by thousands of people, not only those resident within the British Empire, but in many foreign countries as well, is a thing that we will never forget. It is wonderful for us to know how universally my father's great qualities have been appreciated and valued. It is no mere form of speech to say that he reigned in the hearts of his people; and it was his happiness to know before he died that his long years of unstinted service were rewarded by a devotion and an affection so perfectly expressed in the Jubilee demonstrations of last year.

● "It now falls upon me to succeed him and to carry on his work. I am better known to most of you as the Prince of Wales — as a man who, during the war and since, has had the opportunity of getting to know the people of nearly every country of the world, under all conditions and circumstances. And, although I now speak to you as the King, I am still that same man who has had that experience and whose constant effort it will be to continue to promote the well-being of his fellow-men. May the future bring peace and understanding throughout the world, prosperity and happiness to the British people, and may we be worthy of the heritage which is ours."

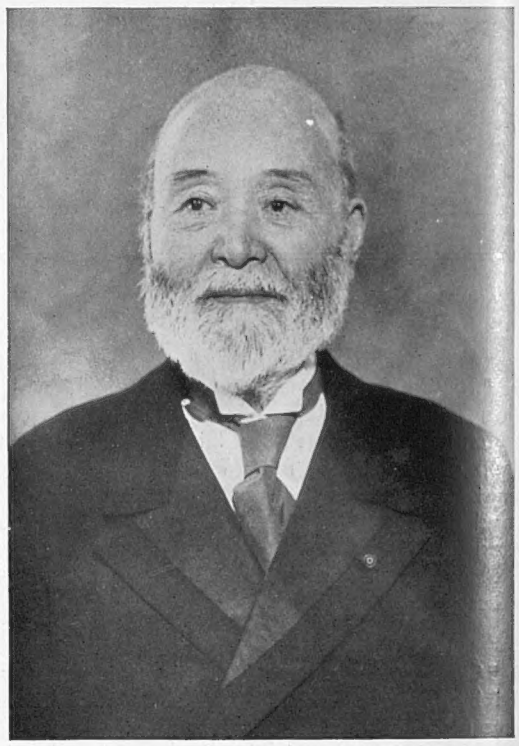
HIS MAJESTY IN TALKS STUDIO 3B: King Edward seated before the microphone and the reserve microphone, both of an improved type never before used at Broadcasting House, and giving a noticeably better quality of transmission. He spoke with his customary distinctness at the comparatively slow rate of ninety words a minute, and showed a more complete mastery of this difficult art than ever before, the phrasing being firm and the tone perfectly suited to the medium. While he was speaking a gramophone record of his message was made by the Gramophone Company, and matrices of this are to be deposited in an hermetically sealed case in the British Museum so that in years to come his voice may be perfectly reproduced. Copies of the record are also being made for sale, and it was announced last Monday that all profits would be handed over to charity

JAPAN'S ABORTIVE COUP D'ETAT

The Statesmen who were Involved

AMONG THE LIVING: Mr. F. Goto (*above on left*), Minister for the Interior, who was appointed Acting-Premier after the reported assassination of Admiral Okada who is seen above in the garden of his Tokyo home. The latter, however, had a remarkable escape from death, his would-be murderers shooting his brother-in-law by mistake, on account of the great similarity in appearance of the two men. He himself managed to hide in a safe. The Admiral has had a distinguished career both in politics and the Navy and, having gone into retirement, emerged into public life again in July, 1934 after the resignation of the Saito Cabinet as a result of a financial scandal. The attempt on his life was made by junior army officers who are said to have been dissatisfied with the Government's unwillingness to adopt an essentially militaristic policy

On left—THE MOST OUTSTANDING VICTIM OF THE ASSASSINS: Admiral Viscount Makoto Saito, five times Navy Minister, twice Governor-General of Korea, and once Premier, whose murder by army officers has caused consternation throughout Japan. He was in no sense a professional politician and held high office for the very reason that he had no party affiliations whatsoever



On right—A MAN OF THE PEOPLE: Mr. K. Takahashi, former Japanese Premier, five times Finance Minister, and Minister of Agriculture in the Kato Cabinet, who was another of the eminent men murdered. He was the son of an artist and rose to power from humble beginnings. He was probably Japan's foremost financial expert

A NEW USE FOR A NAVAL VETERAN: The battleship *Royal Sovereign*, which was recently withdrawn from the Home Fleet, is now being used as a training vessel, and has just started on her first cruise along the South Coast with some 300 boys on board who, during their month at sea, are being taught all the usual routine of the sailor, and being given opportunities for gunnery practice. On the left they are seen engaged in rifle drill and on the right doing physical jerks

Mainly PERSONAL

Portugal's New Ambassador in London—The Passing of Mrs. Tiller

POINT-TO-POINT FASHIONS: Miss Diana Mills wearing a car rug to keep warm while watching the New College and Magdalen Steeplechases from the vantage point of a farm waggon. The meeting was held at Faringdon and, in spite of the damp and cheerless weather, there was quite a large attendance

ART IN INDUSTRY: A team of girls engaged in making a needlework carpet at a Paddington factory, where the Duchess of Kent placed an order for two 8 ft. by 5 ft. rugs for her bedroom, which took no less than four months to make. Such is the fineness of the work, each contains over 1,000,000 stitches

ASH WEDNESDAY CEREMONIAL IN THE CITY: Mr. David Haydon acting-master of the Worshipful Company of Poulterers, presenting new shillings to the choirboys at St. Peter's-upon-Cornhill

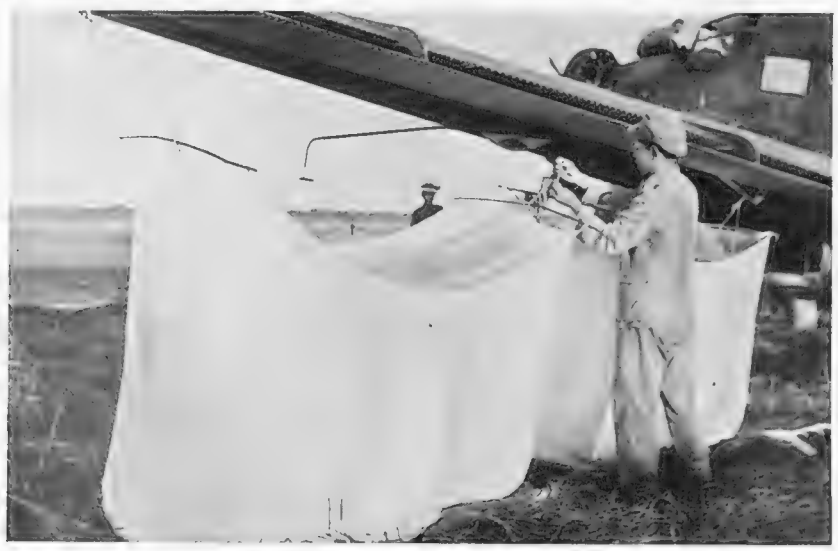
PRESENTING HIS CREDENTIALS: H. E. Doctor Alberto d'Oliveira, who was formerly Portuguese Minister to the Holy See, and who has now been appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, seen with members of his staff after being received by King Edward at Buckingham Palace. *Left to right*—Senhor Gabriel da Silva (First Secretary), Senhor Vasco Garin (Second Secretary), Doctor d'Oliveira, Senhor Luiz de Castro (Commercial Counsellor), and Senhor Antonio Potier (Attaché)

THEIR LAST TRIBUTE: Some of the many Tiller girls who were present at St. Martin-in-the-Fields last week at the funeral service of Mrs. John Tiller, widow of the dancing troupe impresario, many of them having come up to London specially for the occasion from places as far away as Blackpool and Aberdeen. During his address the Rev. F. W. Freshwater, chaplain of the Actors' Church Union, spoke of Mrs. Tiller's great kindness of heart. "Many thousands of girls the world over mourn the loss of one who was in a very real sense a mother to them," he said

ADVENTURES of a BOLIVIAN AIR-LINER

A Three-Engined Machine Imprisoned in the Wilds of the Republic

A GIANT IN DISTRESS: The three-engined Junkers monoplane, *Cherolque*, which was built for transporting goods during the last Chaco war, now operates on the air route between Cochabamba, second city of Bolivia, Trinidad, and Riberalta, the most important northerly centre of population in the Republic. A few months ago, however, it was forced down in the wild Llanos de Guarayos region through petrol shortage and could not be moved for three months as the rainy season had set in. The machine is pictured on the left in the swamp where it came to rest, benzine cans being placed beneath the fuselage to keep it afloat. *Above*—An aerial view of the *Cherolque* showing how the grass was smoothed out to make a runway suitable for taking off, an attempt which failed on account of the sodden nature of the ground



ONE OF THE SOLDIERS OF THE BOLIVIAN ARMY, who were sent by the Government to render assistance at the scene of the air-liner's landing, fixing up mosquito nets beneath one of the *Cherolque's* vast wings. They spent many weeks there protecting the machine from damage by the Indians and keeping the engines in order

How the "Cherolque" was Salvaged—A Chance in a Hundred

By KURT SEVERIN

FLYING in Bolivia is a perilous business, jungle, swamps, and frequent poor visibility combining to make the chances of a safe forced landing remote, and the fact that the air-liner, *Cherolque*, came down unharmed in the marshlands of the Llanos de Guarayos was a piece of extraordinary good fortune. At first it was thought that it would be only a matter of a few days before she was in the air again, for the town of Trinidad was but forty miles distant and petrol supplies could be obtained without much difficulty. It was not to be, however, and week after week dragged on, and attempt after attempt to take off failed, this poorly drained country almost submerged by the coming of the rains, thus rendering the task of salvage well-nigh hopeless and causing the owners almost to abandon hope for the safety of their crack air-liner which had been used so successfully to provide such a speedy link between central and northern Bolivia.

The soldiers sent by the Bolivian Government to protect the 'plane persevered in their task however, running the engines every day and preventing the metal work from rusting in the humid atmosphere. They had to face tremendous hardships for, although fairly well supplied with the necessities of life, mosquitoes abounded and the district was, in consequence, extremely unhealthy.

When at last it was possible to put into operation the plan of making a runway by stretching cowhides along the ground all was well, but needless to say the pilot had some misgivings when it came to taking off. A machine that has lain in a swamp for three months, subject to the attacks of wind and weather, is calculated to be hardly the safest mode of transport, however well the engines may have been cared for. He courageously made the attempt, however, and within twenty minutes was circling over Trinidad where the townfolk and thousands of youngsters turned out in force to greet his arrival. Thus ended, happily, one of the most extraordinary chapters in the history of aeroplane salvage, and Bolivia remains in possession of her finest passenger-carrying 'plane.

HOW THE 'PLANE WAS SAVED: Even when the rainy season was drawing to a close and the ground became somwhat firmer it was found impossible to move the 'plane until someone hit upon the brilliant plan of stretching two long rows of cow-hides in front of the wheels, thus making a runway on which they could gain the necessary grip. The scheme worked perfectly and, with the co-operation of the Indians, and thanks to the sound state of repair in which the *Cherolque* was kept, she reached Trinidad without further mishap

ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME: Some of the children of Trinidad who were released from school and came out to greet the air-liner on its arrival in the town

GAOL TO PLAYGROUND

The Passing of New York's Notorious Penitentiary

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THE SPANISH ELECTIONS

Repercussions of the Dramatic and Unexpected Victory of the Left Wing

THE SEAMY SIDE: The famous penitentiary on Welfare Island, under Queensboro Bridge in East River, New York, known as "the worst prison in the United States," has now been closed, and the last of its inmates have been removed to the new model penitentiary on Riker's Island. The old building, which was erected over a hundred years ago, is to be demolished, and the place converted into a playground for the poor children of the city. According to a recent report in *The Times*, "the prison was cold and damp, with little light and less ventilation. Its cells were 8 ft. long and 3½ ft. wide, with only the most primitive sanitary equipment, and it was so dreaded that even before Sing Sing was modernised prisoners begged to be sent there rather than to 'the Island.' Disease, vice, and corruption flourished there, and when a Commissioner made a surprise visit, he found that a gang of convicts was in virtual control"

TURN OF THE POLITICAL TIDE IN SPAIN: A released prisoner waving his basket of belongings as he left Barcelona gaol freed, in common with other political offenders, as a result of the amnesty issued by the new Government of the Left which came into power after the recent election. Among the prominent leaders who have been pardoned is Señor Luis Companys, former President of the Generalidad, who has actually been elected to the Cortes from his cell, while political exiles who fled into France after the abortive Catalan rising of October, 1934, have also been flocking back

On right—BACK IN POWER: Señor Pedro Rico (*seated in centre*) pictured with his colleagues in the City Hall after being re-established in his office as Mayor of Madrid from which he was suspended by the Government of the Right at the time of the 1934 revolution. Señor Azana, the new Premier, who has a substantial majority in the Cortes, has made similar changes in all the municipalities of the Republic

FROM PRISON TO POWER: M. George Dimitroff, the Bulgarian Communist who was one of the accused in the Reichstag Fire Trial in Germany two years ago but whose fearless attitude did much to secure the reluctant acquittal of all but one of the prisoners. He is pictured here in his cell while held in protective custody at Leipzig, and it was immediately after his release that he became a Soviet citizen, later being appointed to the highly important post of General Secretary of the Political Secretariat

Are Things Really Changing in Soviet Russia?

Or does She still Anticipate the Day when Europe will Fall in with her Plan of Government?

By FERDINAND TUOHY

SEVENTEEN years ago, this week, Lenin presided over the first meeting of the Comintern—the Third, or Communist, International—in Moscow.

Perhaps at no time in its short but sharp history has this organisation for world revolution been under closer—in some quarters, more expectant—examination and observation than is the case to-day. The reason for the expectancy is obvious. Soviet Russia "seems to be behaving differently." Under the dread menace of German and Japanese pincer-points, she is increasingly throwing in her lot with Western capitalistic lands (hang the capitalism!) She seeks loans from them. She ceases to abuse and misrepresent several of them. Has not Karl Radek, recognised mouthpiece of the U.S.S.R., and a far wilier bird than Signor blood-to-the-head Gayda, promulgated his view—which is certainly also Stalin's—that the paths of the British Commonwealth and of Soviet Russia need not conflict within a measurable span of time?

Again, in our own case, who among us did not pause at vision of the Russian Foreign Commissar and of the field-leader-in-war of the immense Soviet hosts entering St. George's Chapel one recent day, following the coffin of one who in his lifetime, for reasons familiar, would never receive personally a Soviet envoy?

Are things really changing with Russia?

There is Eden Station, on the Moscow Underground . . .

There was an exhaustive leading article the other day in *The Times*, in which *L'Organe de la Cité* (as our penetrating neighbours prefer it) recognised, if it did not greet, the dawning of a great European force apparently expected to endure.

So, are things really changing with Russia, or is she just using others *pro tem.*, with all the old bitter hatreds only temporarily stowed away?

We look inside Russia these days, and there is definite evidence that things *are* changing, at any rate in the manner and attitude of life of the town people. After keeping these in grey duress for nigh on a decade, Stalin is allowing them almost to go gay. They can make their little profits privately; they can throw a little upon personal adornment, notably the women; they are lavishly being given every opportunity for sports, cinemas, dancing, excursioning. The literary "Index" of forbidden works is being steadily lightened. Boiled shirts are even appearing. In a sentence, Stalin has raised the siege on dim robotry, and is gradually substituting a spot of fun and frolic. His young people have come of age, and are literate. Let them have the best from the West, or as much of it as we can hereabouts contrive!

All this must mean mass psychological effect. It is only natural, in the light of it, that others choose to wonder. . . Are the Russians going to cease interfering with other people's affairs or are they not? Now that they themselves are at last beginning to enjoy life a little won't Stalin see the virtue of live-and-let-live and stop trying to stir up tumult and upheaval among foreign peoples that are playing the game by him? There would be nothing new in such desistance on his part. It is in the way of Revolutions at first to seek to proselytise right and left—shielding of self while growing—and then, once sinews and confidence have been gained, to become strongly national and to concentrate on one's own cabbage-patch. So it was with the French Revolution until a young Corsican, unique in all time, kicked over the patch. May Stalin now have reached the stage of the "Calming down" Directory that preceded Napoleon?

We return to that original meeting of the Comintern—in March, 1919.

Lenin was able to welcome the delegates of only about a dozen countries. Many more would have come but for the blockade and the perils and impossibility of Continental travel just after the Armistice. But to the dozen, Lenin was explicit. The record tells how he outlined militant Marxism in its extreme form as the one method and goal of his listeners. Conditions of chaos ruled in Central Europe at the time. Lenin—and not only he—believed that the Red flag was about greatly to extend its sway. Anything might happen in half-a-dozen countries. It was up to these pioneer delegates to "soak in" how the Bolsheviks had put things over—in Russia—and then for them to return to their own lands and do likewise the instant their chance came. No; Lenin ordained more than that. This Comintern, at its birth, was a shamelessly aggressive affair. No camouflage at all.

Social revolutions could not be artificially "made." Lenin knew that. In Russia, he had found the terrain all ready and to spare. It was not so elsewhere. Therefore, these delegates should see that resembling terrain *did* appear in their respective countries. Then, when the crisis broke, they would be all primed to install the Soviet system, having been duly crammed in how to take charge and direct the movement.

That initial Comintern assemblage dispersed, but in the sequel only Bavaria and Hungary were to go briefly Bolshevik, Lenin finding it beyond his powers to aid either. His whole time had come to be taken up with defending the Soviet against the various "White" invaders. It was a bad moment, almost a fatal one, for the new form of State. Touch and go. Mr. Churchill has depicted matters in this respect. Perhaps a few additional mobile units for Ironside of Archangel, and there might never have appeared such a name on the map as "Leningrad." However, 'twas to be otherwise; nor can it be within anyone's powers, yet, to judge whether for ultimate good or ill.

Swiftly, under a concerted attack from all quarters, the Soviet, and with it the Comintern, was forced on to the defensive. An example of this change of tactics was afforded by our own Communist party when it launched its "Hands off Russia!" campaign.

How long this "defensive" lasted is a matter for nice judgment. Officially it still goes on. The Comintern, we are told again and again, exists primarily to protect the workers of the world against capitalistic war-plotting. A shield. In actual fact it is nothing of the sort. Viewed objectively and dispassionately, with all the light of *Pravda* upon it such as Radek is reputed to worship, the Comintern is to-day a force for international revolution held in reserve by the Kremlin Government for unleashing in certain fervently hoped-for eventualities.

The Comintern is, moreover, indissolubly linked with the Soviet regime. There can be no throwing it over. *L'Organe de la Cité* may put out feeler after feeler, undaunted by past bland Kremlin attitudinising along "really, we can do nothing about it—not our show—the Comintern" lines. We shall not get anything more satisfactory or concrete in the future, simply because for Stalin to disavow the Comintern in practical form would be tantamount to his throwing over the gospel according to his god, Lenin, and can one see any Soviet Russia, however much "changed" and "moving towards the still free nations of the West," doing that?

It is all down in black and white. Ultimate world revolution, carried through by an international organisation, form of central parliament of all Communist parties, everywhere, is *the* fundamental of Marxist dogma, and as such is irrevocably built into Bolshevik policy, an intrinsic part of this. Lenin held to such conception absolutely. Expediency may cause a Stalin temporarily to soft-pedal with the Comintern, but it must ever remain on hand. Lenin was obliged temporarily to abandon another fundamental, that of no-private-profit-from-the-work-of-others, and to substitute the NEP. But the New Economic Policy was swept away the very moment the thing could be done.

The Comintern is more than an imperative annexe to the Soviet Government: it is a Siamese twin. The one will last as long as the other. The closer one looks into things, the clearer it becomes that divorce between the pair is, to employ a popular definition, "unthinkable." In fact all these years, behind the scenes, the twins have been every day in every way growing closer and closer. Or, perhaps it were more accurate to say that one twin (the Soviet) has been steadily maintaining its guiding hand over the second.

Both offspring were given the same constitutions. The source of power was vested in a congress of all the member "sections." Within Russia, these latter were composed of the thirty-six republics of the U.S.S.R. Outside, each foreign country adhering to the Comintern formed a "section," and the original notion was that all should be entirely equal. The Russian section was to be in no way senior. However, this conception began slipping shortly after the early on failure at general revolution. The weakened Comintern passed more and more under the wing of the Kremlin; it has never regained the independence then lost; and to-day it is admitted that much of its annual expenditure—given for last year as over 2,000,000 roubles, mainly on propaganda—derives from the "big brother," or the Russian Communist Party.

THE PROPAGANDIST: Another portrait of M. George Dimitroff, whose chief task has been that of spreading the Communist ideals beyond the borders of Russia

Another Siamese parallel is the following. In the wake of Lenin, Stalin gradually contrived that the practical authority of the Soviet régime should devolve upon the permanent secretariat of which he himself is the head. Similarly, after the disgrace, ten years ago, of Vinovieff, first and only president of the Comintern, it was arranged that henceforward the practical authority of this body should likewise rest with the permanent secretariat of which the forceful Bulgarian, Dimitroff, he who so boldly and successfully stood up to the maddened Göring at the Reichstag fire trial, is to-day the head. Dimitroff

(*Continued on page* 432)

HAPPENINGS IN THE U.S.S.R.

And Other Pictures from Abroad

SOVIET HUSTLE: A steamer in the Stalin lock, a feature of the 166-mile stretch of canal between the northern shore of Lake Onega and the town of Soroka, which since it has been built has reduced the water route between Western European and White Sea ports by over 2,000 miles. The work of excavation was done by hand by convict labour in twenty-one months

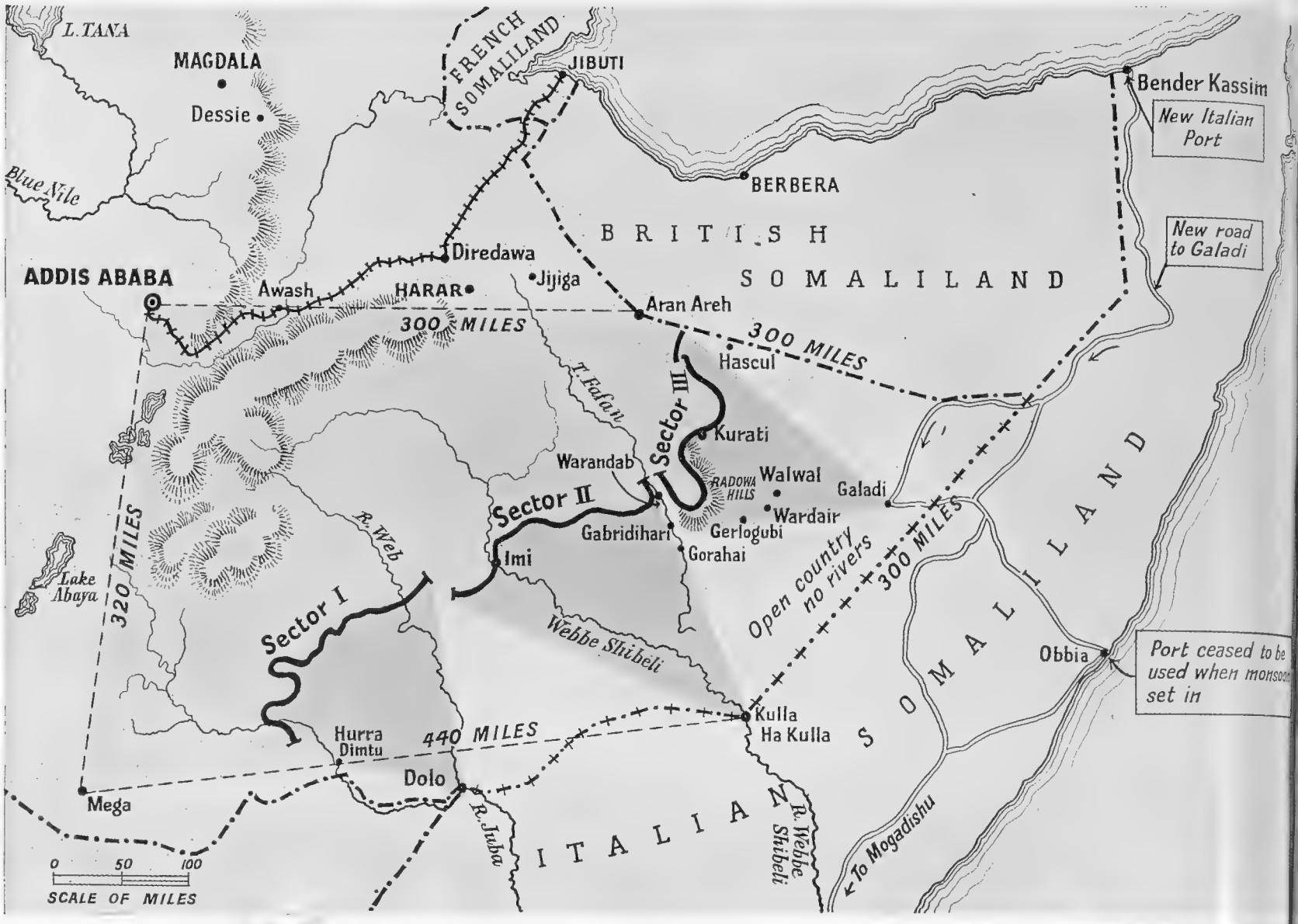
MAKING THEIR MARK: A band of Soviet mountaineers who recently climbed Mount Kasbek, the great 16,546 ft. peak in the Caucasus, instead of leaving a flag or a record of their names, simply carved out in the snow in Russian characters the word "Stalin," choosing a convenient spot for their purpose some distance below the summit. This mountain was first assaulted successfully in 1868 by D. W. Freshfield, A. W. Moore, and C. Tucker, and since then quite a number of ascents have been made. At its foot runs the famous Georgian military highway

A LAST LINK WITH CZARIST DAYS: Jewellers decorating one of the emblems of sickle and hammer which form the central feature of the four 1½-ton stars of gold-plated copper which have been put in position on the four towers of the Kremlin in Moscow, and replace the imperial eagles of the old régime that have only now been removed after eighteen years of Soviet rule. About 10,000 gems are used in the new emblems, including amethysts, topazes, chrysolites, beryls, and other rare stones, mostly from the Urals

THE GUEST OF HONOUR: Crown Princess Ingrid of Denmark, daughter of the Crown Prince of Sweden and granddaughter of the Duke of Connaught, pictured at a meeting of Girl Guides in Copenhagen, when she appeared in the uniform of the movement for the first time

AIR RAID PROTECTION MEASURES IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL: This underground, bomb-proof, gas-proof shelter has been built beneath the rue d'Aubervilliers in Paris, and is typical of the arrangements now being made in the city for the safeguarding of the civilian population in the event of war. It has accommodation for a hundred persons, and can give them a supply of fresh air for about four hours. Smoking is, of course, prohibited, as it tends to eat up the atmosphere

AN ADVENTURER ON THE HEIGHTS: Lewa (*left*) the famous mountain porter who will shortly be joining the 1936 Everest Expedition, pictured before starting out from his home for Kalimpong, Northern Bengal, the jumping-off place of Mr. Ruttledge and his party. Lewa has many fine feats to his credit, among them the ascent of Kamet with Mr. Eric Shipton and Mr. F. S. Smythe, and the penetration of the once inaccessible mountain circle of Nanda Devi



THE SOUTHERN THEATRE OF WAR: A sketch map showing the present progress of General Graziani's advance into Ethiopia across the Italian Somaliland frontier in three main bodies, one to the north of Dolo, another along the Webbe Shibeli, and a third in the vicinity of the Radowa Hills. His first objective is Harar, the second city of the Empire, but as his lines of communication lengthen his difficulties are increasing in proportion and will be further aggravated by the advent of the rainy season proper. The Abyssinians, on the other hand, are finding matters no easier, and it was announced last week that the C.-in.C., Ras Desta, would probably be sent back to Addis Ababa in chains as a result of his recent reverse in the Dolo region. It will also be noted from this map that the Italians are now using the new port of Bender Kassim on the northern shores of the Colony, and this has been linked with Galadi by a new road, along which supplies and troops are carried to the front

THE moment one embarks on an attempt to write a readable account of the military operations in south-east Ethiopia, the difficulties of the task loom large from the outset. For even to-day but little is known of this country, and the authorities themselves give conflicting accounts in accordance with their various temperaments and experiences, and one must trust to personal knowledge, even though it be a generation old. For in so far as the country and the people are concerned, few changes occur with the lapse of years; the climate is the same, the rains may be looked for at certain well-known seasons, the alternation of open, waterless grass plains, swamps near the rivers, and the ever-increasing dense thorn forests and thick jungle are always there to greet and hinder the wanderer, and finally the water-holes filled only after heavy rain, and the wells, deep and shallow, are of unending interest, for on these in the last resort depend all human and animal life in an area such as we have described.

The southern theatre of war may be said to be an irregular pentagon at whose apices are situate:—

(i) Addis Ababa.

(ii) South to Mega in the Province of Boran.

(iii) Eastward to Kulla Ha Kulla on the Webbe Shibeli, the border posts of Italian Somaliland.

(iv) North-east to Ferdadin, a village at the extreme south-east of British Somaliland, where the British, Italian, and Ethiopian frontiers meet.

(v) West to Aran Areh on the British border 40 miles south of Hargeisa: thence the northern limit runs local to Addis Ababa, via the important town of Harar.

The area of this theatre is 152,000 square miles, rather less than half the Ethiopian Empire, and possesses no railways, very few roads and those by no means good, and many caravan and jungle tracks, known to traders and to the local inhabitants. Experience teaches one how easy it is to take a false turn, and once off the track, only a local guide can find it again, for the thorn jungle is often quite impenetrable. Though names are found on European maps the majority are "place names" and only occasionally does one find village or hamlet by which to locate oneself on the march if bearings are lost. Nor are telegrams and correspondents' despatches, which appear in our daily Press, very informative, for it is now known that neither combatant encourages correspondents, nor do the higher authorities go much

out of their way to facilitate their movements save on rare occasions and that for a set purpose.

Throughout the early months of 1935 Italian troops and stores poured into their eastern ports of Mogadishu and Obbia, but when the monsoon set in, so unsatisfactory and indeed unsafe were these open roadsteads that a landing base was selected on the Red Sea, a little east of our Somali border, at Bender Kassim. Thence a military road was constructed southward to Badwein and Galadi, the latter place some ninety miles east of Walwal. Galadi was chosen as the Italian advanced base, preparatory to an advance as soon as operations could begin in early October. General Graziani was appointed Commander-in-Chief in Italian Somaliland, and by the end of September could dispose of 150,000 troops, the majority native colonials under Italian officers. Some of the native battalions no doubt had already fought under the General in his campaign of conquest in Seranaica, on the North African coast. There is little doubt that the Italian Intelligence Service had collected much valuable information regarding the country to be invaded, but it was soon realised that much more detailed information was required, and that this must be sought by aerial reconnaissance. Italian planes were loosed from their bases at Mogadishu and Galadi as soon as hostilities began, and with the reconnaissance planes bombers were sent northward. It was confidently anticipated that even if but little material damage were done, the moral effect of so novel a form of warfare would be great, as the Ethiopian armies had, till then, never seen an aeroplane.

THE ROAD-BUILDERS: A party of Blackshirts armed with picks and shovels as they start out from camp to begin their day's work. The task of creating and maintaining lines of communication is perhaps the Italians' greatest problem

The Southern Invasion of Ethiopia

The Progress of the Campaign To Date

By Colonel S. L. CRA'STER

The Italian Commander's objectives are Harar and Addis Ababa, and after consideration he decided to utilise the two important rivers which cross the Italian frontier, viz., the Webbe Shibeli and Juba, and their larger tributaries, viz., the Tug Fafan (which rises near Harar) feeding into the Webbe Shibeli, and also the Web, the Ganale Darya and the Dawa which all join the Juba. Between the Webbe Shibeli and the British Somaliland frontier there are no rivers—the country is open rolling upland, merging into commanding heights and rocky crags.

The outpost line ran from Damot through Walwal southward to the Italian frontier post of Kulla Ha Kulla on the Webbe Shibeli, and thence along the Italo-Ethiopian frontier to Dolo on the Juba.

To enable the Italian forces to dominate the river valleys and the commanding country beween them, and also the open country to the north of the Tug Fafan, "advanced objectives" were chosen at distances of 100 to 240 miles (on an air line) from the three bases viz: Galadi on the right, Kulla Ha Kulla in the centre, and Dolo on the left. Six columns were set in motion, of various strengths, but all mechanised, and the task set to take up a line from Kurati, 50 miles east of Sasa Baneh, and close to the Radowa Hills—over to the Dolhad Hills to Imi—thence south-west to Foka on the crest between the Webbe Shibeli and Web—westward to the Dal Veame Falls on the Ganale Darya, and finally south-west to Golb on the Dawa in the Province of Boran, situate some forty miles north of the Kenya

OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF HARAR on which General Graziani is concentrating his advance from the South. The city was founded in the twelfth century by Harraric Mussulmans from Arabia and was for 800 years self-governing, until in 1890 it was stormed by Ras Makonnen, the father of Haile Selassie, and eventually brought under Ethiopian rule

border and ninety miles west-north-west of Dolo. These various columns advanced at the beginning of October, but here we may consider for a moment the problem presented to the Ethiopian defenders and the factors influencing their strategy.

They had practically no military maps of the area but they possessed excellent local knowledge, and realised that in the Northern sector as far south as the Tug Fafan a rapidly moving mechanised force supported by aeroplanes could not be checked successfully for the first 80 or 90 miles.

As regards the Southern sector they knew that the river valleys, wide near the frontier, narrowed down the nearer the invaders approached the foot-hills buttressing the Highlands. The treacherous nature of the rivers, the outlying swamps which would be impassable after floods, and the numerous stretches of thorn forest on the banks were factors in their favour, and, in this sector they decided to offer determined opposition at favourable spots, provided their forces were not irretrievably compromised. They could count on obtaining information by spies, for the Emperor's appeal made in July to all his subjects of whatever creed to make common cause against the unprovoked Italian attack had roused them as never before, and

THE ROLLING GRASSLANDS OF OGADEN: Abyssinian irregulars traversing terrain typical of the more accessible parts of Southern Ethiopia which alternate with swamps, dense thorn forests, and almost impenetrable jungle

Christian, Muslim, and Pagan alike were aflame with patriotism and eager to come to grips with the enemy.

But the commander, Ras Desta, had plans of his own. Realising the disparity in armament he determined to fight delaying actions, gradually withdrawing westward in the Province of Bale and Northern Boran, whilst he quietly collected a considerable force in South Boran close to the Kenya border.

When the Italian columns had lengthened their lines of communication he intended to move rapidly on Dolo, and if successful there to raid Jubaland striking at Lugh and perhaps Mogadishu.

That this was no idle threat is proved by the fact that the neighbourhood of Dolo has been strongly entrenched, and the advance of the Italian Dawa column has, after brisk fighting, warded off this immediate danger.

Gorahai in the Ogaden and Geledi on the Webbe Shibeli were important points in the Ethiopian advanced line, and both were fairly strongly held. But the pressure of the advancing Italian columns, superior in land armament and powerfully aided by their attendant aeroplanes forced the Ethiopian commander to retreat with loss. He was, however, attracting larger forces of the enemy to this neighbourhood, tying them down to advance through closer and closer country, and so he prevented a vigorous thrust at Harar through the more open country between the Radowa Hills and the British Somali border.

It is true that Italians established themselves as far north as Kurati, but now we hear they have been ejected thence with some loss and it would seem that the Ethiopian commanders have decided to hold their first main position which would run south-west from Buro in the north, via Kurati, the Radowa Hills, Warandab, Omein, and Imi to the heights north-west of Foka; thence via fairly open hilly country southward to the neighbourhood of the Dal Verme Falls on the Ganale Darya, and so southward to Dawa through intricate country where tanks and armoured cars can progress but slowly. On the right (south) bank of the Dawa the river can be dominated for several miles and with the Kenya Border a few miles to the south, these river positions cannot well be outflanked.

The Italians claim considerable successes with their river columns, and in the northern sector they have attempted rapid advances with small, mechanised columns. These latter appear to have penetrated as far north as Sasa Baneh, but they have been obliged to retire, and at the end of January, after four months' campaign, the various columns have still to reach their objectives, with a stiffening resistance in front of them.

That the Italians scored a success at Neghelli is undoubtedly true — Ras Desta was caught napping and his troops were roughly handled.

And in his case, it is more than probable that the Emperor will agree that he has no reason to withdraw his confidence in the Ras's ability as a military leader. He has learnt his lesson and unless covert Court intrigue displace him from his high command, we shall hear of him again before long when the armies come to close grips. Meanwhile the rains now due will add to Italian difficulties, and the Ethiopian guerilla bands will take advantage of the opportunities which will come their way of waylaying convoys and attacking pickets, and lines of communication posts where their skill with the spear can be brought into play.

The maintenance of lines of communication will become a pressing problem for General Graziani. Over sixty years ago Sir Robert Napier advanced on Magdala through a territory whose inhabitants were friendly. Yet he required 10,000 men to hold 300 miles of road from the sea.

General Graziani's lines of communication will be considerably longer, and he has several columns in the field, each to be fed and served. Sir Robert, lucky as he was, required thirty men per mile of road. It is not overstating the case to say that until these Italian forces can be served by railways each line of communication will require sixty or more men per mile to keep it open; the drain on the field force will thus be serious, and no duty is more irksome or harassing, even in good weather, than the keeping open of the roads feeding the front line troops; in the rains it will be far worse.

BEING PREPARED: Italian troops building one of the new roads which radiate from the Port of Mogadishu to the elaborate defence works which have recently been put up outside the town

TANGIER to TANGANYIKA

A Record of an Adventurous Eight Thousand Mile Car Trip Across Africa by Two Women

THE HEART OF THE SAHARA: The 4-cylinder 24-h.p. Ford in which Miss M. Smith and Mrs. E. Dabell recently drove from Tangier to Tanganyika, pictured in the stony wastes between Adrar and Reggan on the edge of the desolate Tanesruft region

On left—IN THE STEPS OF MUNGO PARK: After cutting right across the Sahara the travellers reached Gao, on the banks of the Niger, a place remarkable for its giant ant heaps which, as depicted here, form round tree stumps and slowly envelop them

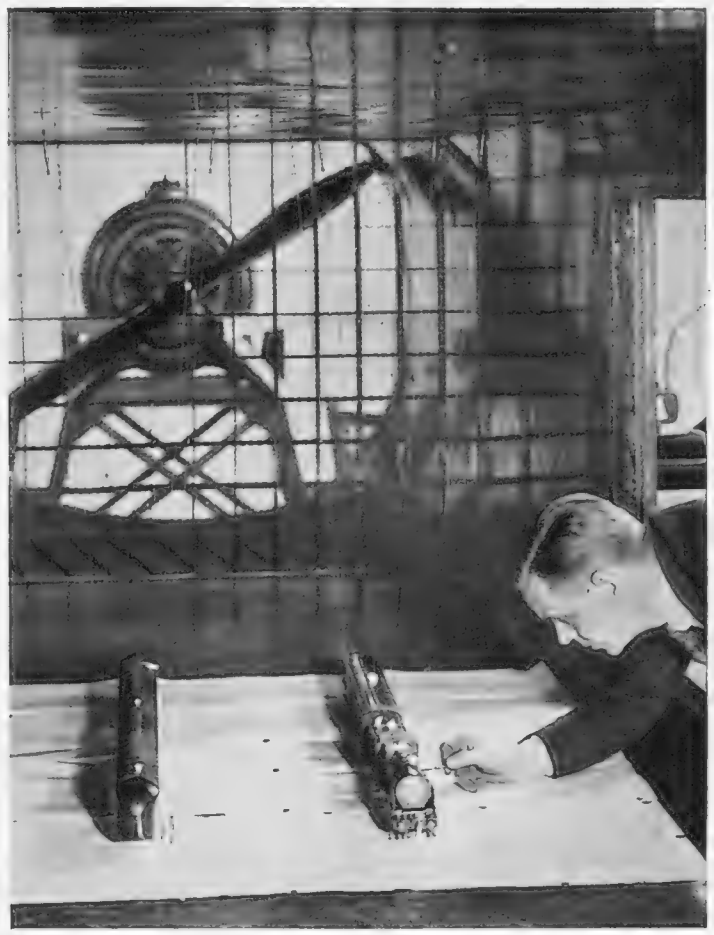
CUT THROUGH THE JUNGLE: A picturesque stretch of road encountered in the southern part of French Equatorial Africa—a region alive with millions of gaudy butterflies of every colour and size, and countless insects of almost equally striking hues

THE WELL-WATERED CONGO: One of the many picturesque rivers in Belgium's vast colony in the heart of the Continent—wide waterways that are as yet unbridged, and have to be negotiated by ferry, the car being placed on a wooden platform supported by a number of canoes, and paddled across by natives

THE RIPON FALLS—NEAR THE GOAL OF THE JOURNEY: When the two travellers finally arrived in British East Africa after crossing thousands of miles of difficult terrain without meeting any serious trouble, they visited this famous spot, near Jinja, where the waters of Lake Victoria, that form the source of the River Nile, pour over the rocks at the rate of over five hundred cubic metres per second. The falls, which are exceedingly picturesque, were reached in 1862 by the noted English explorer, John Hanning Speke, a contemporary and associate of Sir Richard Burton. Crocodile and hippo abound in the neighbourhood

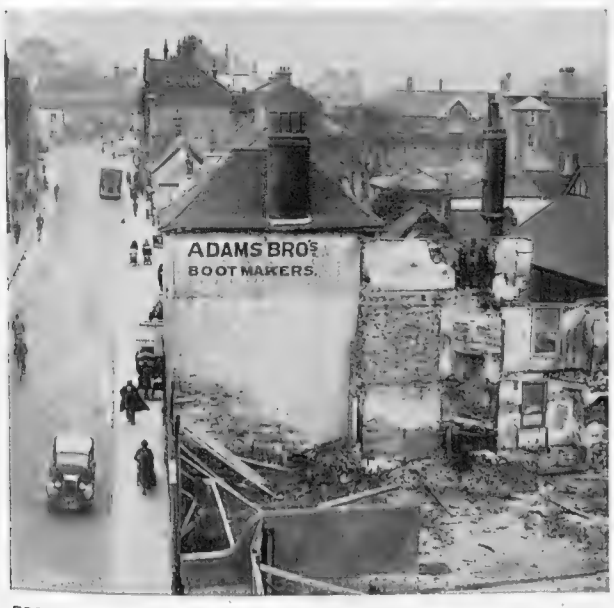
ROAD, RAIL, AND RIVER :

Streamlining Experiments at Derby—Cornish Granite for the New Thames Bridge—A Bottleneck to be Eliminated



AERODYNAMIC RESEARCH BY THE L.M.S. : In order to aid the company's constructional engineers in planning improved types of locomotive, a wind tunnel, designed for elucidating air resistance problems, has recently been installed by the London Midland and Scottish Railway at its Derby works. On the left a model of the Pacific type is seen under test, and (*above*) a comparison is being made in the respective resistances of streamlined and standard engines

SAFEGUARDING THE TRACK: Excavating a hole on the railway between Eastleigh and Portsmouth; one of several cavities into which concrete is to be set in order to prevent a further repetition of the recent subsidences



EPSOM'S OLD-WORLD HIGH STREET is now in course of widening, several picturesque buildings being demolished in order to eliminate the extremely narrow bottleneck

FOR CHELSEA BRIDGE: Some of the hundreds of tons of granite, from the Cornish quarries at Penryn, which have just arrived in the Thames and are to be used in the building of the new structure that replaces the famous chain bridge recently demolished. At the moment vehicles have to make a fairly long detour, but pedestrians are able to cross by a temporary footway

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG: A good example of a cinerary urn which was recently brought to light in a barrow at Stroeërzand, Holland, and dates from the early Bronze Age when the Beaker people had spread through Europe, even reaching the shores of Britain and settling there. Pottery was the most outstanding feature of their culture, and it is from this that they derive their name

THE BEAKER PEOPLE

Important Dutch Finds Relating to a Remarkable Race, Possibly Emanating Originally from South Russia, which Settled in Britain in Prehistoric Times

SOMEWHERE between the Iron Age and the Bronze Age, occurred one of those tremendously significant race-migrations that were a feature of prehistoric Europe. Presumably out of South Russia, a warlike and vigorous people, with some pretensions to culture, moved west and north along the valleys of great rivers, settling along the Danube and the Rhine, spreading over Holland, and, finally, after what appears to have been a relatively short period of rest, penetrating even into Britain.

Along the line of march, traces of their settlements have been found, usually in the form of tumuli concealing tombs, which were constructed with some ingenuity and in which, almost invariably, were preserved arrow-heads, stone axes and other implements, and, above all, clay pots, or beakers, frequently showing considerable skill in design and ornament. These clay vessels are regarded as the most characteristic emblem of the culture of the migrants, who are therefore now known to scholars as the Beaker People.

ANOTHER TYPE: An urn, with deeply indented decorations and the characteristic triangle and diamond motifs, found in a barrow dating from the early Bronze Age, at Uddelmeer, Holland. This particular design is thought to belong to a second division of the Beaker culture, showing, as it does, such marked differences from the S form of pottery illustrated in the top left hand corner of this page. *On right*—A cinerary urn unearthed at a fishing village on the Zuyder Zee

There is scarcely any part of Europe where the prehistoric culture of the Beaker people has been so thoroughly investigated as in Holland, and the labours of Professor Holwerda and Professor Bursch have aroused very keen interest. They have been peculiarly interesting to British students of the period as a result of discoveries which make it fairly clear that the same race which overran Holland, settled in Britain and continued to traffic with their Dutch brethren. The branch which settled in Britain subsequently developed its culture along purely individual lines. Examples of beakers in the British tradition have been found in Holland, and the Dutch type has been unearthed in certain barrows excavated in England. The Dutch investigations have also served to confirm the British theory, as expounded by Clark (*The Dual Character of the Beaker Invasion* Antiquity V, 1931), that two separate Beaker forms of culture were introduced into Western Europe at a period somewhere about the beginning of the Bronze Age.

The clay pots, discovered in such large numbers throughout Holland, and especially in the high-lying district known as the Veluwe, are sometimes called beakers and sometimes urns. It has been determined that the Beaker people brought with them the practice of cremation. Subsequently, however, they resorted to burial, and actual sarcophagi have been unearthed in which the form of the body is still clearly evident.

AN ADVENTUROUS RACE: Mummified remains found in one of the tombs of the so-called Beaker people in Holland where Professor Holwerda and Professor Bursch, both of the Leiden Museum of Antiquities, have made a number of remarkable finds which clearly indicate that the same race which overran the Dutch Lowlands also reached England

Dr. Bursch who has been busy excavating the Dutch barrows for the last few years, on behalf of the Leiden Museum of Antiquities (see his *Die Becherkultur in den Niederlanden*, Marberg 1933), informed the writer of these notes that his investigations led him to believe that the Beaker people are the original Aryans, and that they spoke the original Indo-Germanic language. Certain British scholars subscribe to this theory, but in Germany the belief is still held that the Germanic, or Aryan race, entered Germany from the North and not, as the Beaker people, from somewhere in South-Eastern Europe.

There is some difference of opinion between the British and the Dutch investigators concerning the anthropological side of the Beaker culture. The Dutch claim that the Beaker people were a long-headed race, a decision which has been reached after the discovery of the remains of entombments, and the important Nierssen skeleton. We in England believe the race to have been short-headed. A comparison of the finds in the two countries leads, however, to the conclusion that the Dutch evidence is more complete than we, up to date, have been able to gather together.

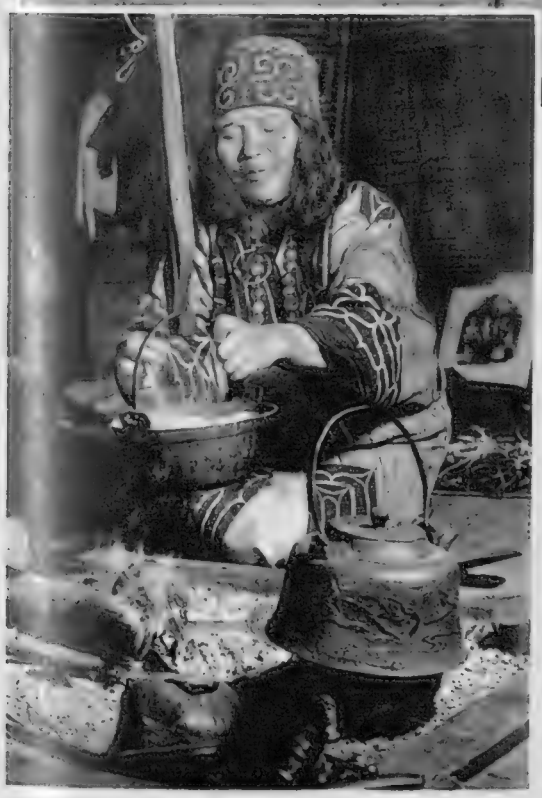
R. E.

AN URN OF GREY CLAY in which no stones have been mixed, found near Uddelmeer, an important centre of the Beaker culture in Holland

ABORIGINES of JAPAN

The Ainos of Yezo and Their Strange Customs

A CHIEFTAIN OF THE AINOS, the aboriginal race of Japan which in centuries past occupied the main island but was ruthlessly driven northwards to its present cold and cheerless refuges in Yezo, Saghalien, and the Kuriles, where the people now dwell in rude, isolated huts. The complexion of the men is considerably darker than the light olive of the Nipponese, while the features are a singular blend of Mongol and European



THE HEARTH: A woman of Shiraoi engaged in cooking over a fire in the centre of her hut, the smoke from which has no means of escape as there is no chimney. The walls are, in consequence, covered with soot, and many of the dwellings are pitch black inside

The Ainos are uncivilised, ignorant, filthy, healthy, amiable, gentle, and submissive, and instead of being the morose aborigines that some writers picture them are generally good-natured and courteous. They live chiefly by fishing and the chase, their mode of existence having remained the same for countless generations, and physically their appearance is quite striking in spite of their lack of stature. To-day they are a fast dwindling race, however, only about 15,000 of them remaining, and they are regarded in much the same light by the Japanese as are the Red Indians by the people of Canada. The Ainos most outstanding characteristic is the abundant sloe-black hair which falls in soft, thick, sometimes wavy masses to the shoulders, where it is clipped short.

AID TO BEAUTY! Tattooing, a tribal custom which dates far beyond the memory of the present-day Ainos, and which formerly was a part of their religion, is still carried on by the women, and is supposed by them to add to their charms. The process is begun when a child is about five years old, the lip being cut with a sharp knife, soot rubbed into the wound, and then treated with a decoction of a certain tree to fix the pattern and give it the blue look so much desired. As the girl grows the pattern is extended until on reaching maturity she has, as in the above picture, a large bow-shaped moustache, with tapering, slightly turned-up ends

d

MODERN

A STUDENT OF TO-DAY

Miss Kawagata, a pioneer in bacteriological research, at work at her desk at the Imperial High School, Tokyo

TAKING NOTES IN THE LECTURE HALL

ELECTRICAL RESEARCH: A group of white-coated students engaged in watching the progress of an experiment at a table in one of the up-to-date laboratories of the Imperial High School, an institution in the very forefront of the modern educational movement in Japan, which provides particular facilities for women planning to carve out their own careers in medicine or one of the other professions

A BREAK BETWEEN LES
skirts of a standard pa
that when many of these

JAPAN

Another scene at the Imperial High School, Tokyo, showing girl medical students at work. They are for the most part daughters of higher State officials coming from the Samurai class

ONS: A typical group of students in their neat black coats and rn which form the High School's uniform. It is strange to reflect girls return home in the evening they revert to the traditional kimono

STUDYING ANATOMY: Learning by heart the various bones of the human body with the aid of text books and a skeleton

GOING OUT FOR LUNCH AFTER THE MORNING'S WORK: A good-looking quartette leaving the school – a handsome brick building in the modern style

NOTABLE ACQUISITIONS AT THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK: These two stuffed specimens of the giant panda (a rare and remarkable animal in the bear section of carnivores whose exact classification has long puzzled scientists) were recently brought to the United States by the Dean Sage Expedition from a remote and only partially explored region on the borders of Western China and Tibet where they live amid the dense bamboo jungles at a height of over 10,000 ft. above sea level

THE GIANT PANDA

One of the World's Rarest Animals

In that dim, far-off corner of China sometimes known as "the Lost Triangle of the World," where, amid mighty ridge-backed ranges, the rivers Salween, Mekong, and Irawadi rise in regions of eternal snow, the giant panda roams, for the most part unmolested by man. This extraordinary creature, of which there is probably not more than one pair to every ten square miles, has without doubt a strong claim to be regarded as the rarest animal in the world, and it was not until 1929 that one of them was shot by a white man. It was Kermit Roosevelt and his brother, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, sons of the late President of the United States, who succeeded in obtaining this specimen, and since then it has been one of the outstanding exhibits in the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago. Another hunter of the panda is Captain H. C. Brocklehurst, for many years Game Warden of the Sudan, who last year returned to England with several skins, while, as recounted below the top picture on this page, the Dean Sage Expedition has also been successful in its search. As regards appearance, the giant panda is almost entirely white except for a remarkable "black" saddle which runs right over its shoulders, down over its fore-quarters to the toes of its fore-feet. The hind legs are also black, as are the ears and the tip of the nose. A black blotch over and round each eye have given it the nickname of the spectacled bear

On right — NEW ARRIVALS FROM MADAGASCAR: Ruffles and Bobbie, two "ruffled lemurs" which have recently taken up their quarters at the London Zoo. They are noted for their fine coats and incidentally, their marking has the same curiously abrupt features as the panda

CORNER HOUSE CAMEO. By Clarke Hutton

Studying the menu at Maison Lyons, the ever-thronged marble halls where Nippy reigns supreme and good music and cheap prices are the order of the day

ASPECTS OF RESTAURANT LIFE IN THE WEST END

The Café Royal, haunt of the Bohemian element, and a popular after-the-theatre rendezvous. Another drawing by Clarke Hutton

AN ECONOMICAL SET: Hostile aircraft passing over a fishing village during the war of 1940–1970, one of the least expensive scenes in the film, *Things to Come*, which cost only about £60 to shoot, thanks, in large measure, to the brilliant trick photography of Ned Mann. The only parts that betray that it was made from models are the rather over-emphasised reflections and movements of the water

£3,000

Or the Cost of Wells' Spectacle Produced

By CHARLES GRAVES

VARIOUS estimates have been given of the cost of *Things to Come*, the monster film written by H. G. Wells, and at present enjoying its pre-release at the Leicester Square Theatre. I am now able to give the figures. The total cost was in the neighbourhood of £270,000, or £3,000 for every minute's worth of entertainment. This is three times what *Henry VIII*, another London Film Production cost. It is double what *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, another of Korda's money-makers, cost.

Things to Come took thirteen months to prepare and eleven months to shoot. More than 200,000 ft. of film were used to produce the final 9,000 ft., which takes ninety minutes to show. Dozens of sets were erected, photographed, and finally scrapped. Actually what you see on the screen cost £40,000. This may sound a very small proportion of the total cost, and may seem like wastage to the average layman. Films, however, are automatically expensive to make. Much more always goes on the discards than on the actual creation as you see it.

One of the most intriguing features of the film is the brilliant way in which life-size sets have been interspersed with tiny models, thus saving overheads. The space gun, which looks as though it is at least 1,500 ft. high—taller than the Empire State Building in New York—was only a matter of 40 ft. in altitude. All the persuasion in the world could not succeed in permission to reproduce for you a photograph of H. G. Wells standing beside it thus exposing its comparatively small dimensions.

COSTUME AND DECOR OF TO-MORROW AS VISUALISED BY WELLS AND KORDA: Catherine Cabal and Maurice Passworthy waiting for their fathers in the hall of the Athletic Club where they are to discuss the project of firing the space gun. The cost of the dresses, which were designed by Lady Queensberry and others, was approximately £8,000

Actually, the Trick Department cost £12,562. As you may guess, the majority of the tanks which you will see, or have already seen, in the film are tiny models. They cost £5 apiece to make, totalling £800. That most impressive shot of myriads of aeroplanes roaring across the sky cost only a matter of £60, thanks to the brilliant trick photography of Ned Mann, the man in charge of this department. On the other hand, the scene of the main square of Everytown cost £6,100 in its original state, and after the "bombardment" it cost another £5,600 to arrange the ruins realistically. By the way, the space gun cost £3,200 to make.

In all, the sets cost £4,000. The scene so often photographed in the newspapers of hundreds of people walking up apparent miles of marble staircases is half genuine and half trick photography. It cost £3,200, like the space gun.

No wonder that the bill for the costumes is heavy. They all had to be designed especially by Lady Queensberry and others. The total of this comes to £8,000, while the gigantic cast cost four times that amount. In addition to this, a matter of £8,000 has to be added for their transport to and from the studios and London and the various locations. This figure, however, includes the cost of feeding the extras, who were paid at the rate of a guinea a day and often numbered over 500. But it does not include the bill of £348, which was the price of the lavatories which had to be erected for their use and that of the workmen erecting the sets.

A small sum of £400 must also be noted. This was incurred by employing large numbers of unemployed Welsh miners in one of the main scenes. Another nice little bill is that of £4,500 for the electricity. This does not cover the arc lamps, which amounted in all to £8,100.

RAYMOND MASSEY as John Cabal, the leader of the "Wings Over the World" airmen, who plays one of the leading parts in Mr. Korda's new picture. He wears a giant helmet-cum-gas-mask, an item that cost 6 guineas

The premium for the insurance, considering the cost of the production, seems very reasonable. It is a matter of £4,000. Another hundred or two, however, must be added for the cost of insuring the negative on its way to New York and other distant places where the film will also be shewn.

The biggest item of all is the cost of the studio and office overheads. This includes the unnamed salary of Mr. Alexander Korda and the cost of 22, Grosvenor Street, which is the head office of London Film Productions. But it does *not* include the £4,000 a year rental of the studio. Another item, I see, is the sum of £5,000 for the aeroplanes and aeronautical shots. Needless to say, the monstrous pterodactyl-like aeroplanes sent roaring overhead and apparently disgorging hundreds of parachutists are not real. At the same time, many of the aeroplanes are perfectly genuine: hence the size of this item. I might have pointed out that the studio and office overheads included the proportion of the salaries under contract of various actors and actresses who did not finally appear in the picture.

One of the most important departments in a film is the Cutting Department. There is the chief editor with his assistant, and three others. It takes many weary weeks to reduce a film to its final size so that it will run exactly 90 minutes without losing coherence. In this case, as I have said, over 200,000 feet had to be reduced to 9,000 feet, so the £3,500 involved here does not seem very much. The cost of the raw negative, together with the laboratory expenses—in other words, the printing of

A MINUTE

"Things to Come," H. G. lar Film of the Future by Alexander Korda

the film—worked out at the rate of 4d. a foot. This came, therefore, to £3,300. The camera crew, headed by the chief cameraman, Perinal, cost £3,200—a matter of £200 less than the sound crew and the royalties payable to Western Electric for their recording apparatus. This figure does not include the cost of the special music composed by Arthur Bliss. It is heard in support of many sequences in the picture including "The World in Ruins," "The Attack on the Moon Gun," "The Bridge," and the "Machine Sequences" where it is remarkably faithful to the action of the giant machine. Fourteen full orchestral sessions were needed to record the music.

As the work on the film progressed, more music was composed by Arthur Bliss, and the whole of this long symphonic suite was recorded by

THE RUINED MAIN SQUARE OF "EVERYTOWN," laid waste during Armageddon in the years 1940-1970. A costly set constructed in the grounds of the new studios of London Films at Denham, Buckinghamshire

members of the London Symphony Orchestra. In addition to the orchestra, an extra percussion band including several experimental instruments and a large chorus were brought into play. The difficulty of arranging the various microphones to record this huge orchestra can be imagined. Musical sequences, moreover, had to be suitably incorporated with dialogue, and had to be synchronised exactly to emphasise the dramatic action in the machine sequence. So the sum of £2,600 does not seem very great.

The Publicity Department cost £3,900. Of this sum nearly one-third had to be spent on stills, in other words, the photographs issued to newspapers all over the world for reproduction, and also to cinemas where the film will be shown in order to exhibit them in the foyer and exterior walls.

We finally come to the interest on the capital. This is not easy to estimate, for though the film took exactly two years from the first day of production to the first performance, much of the money was not needed immediately for the film, and therefore could be invested in other ways. I am given the figure of £6,000, however, to cover this item. Last of all there is the question of Mr. H. G. Wells. The Costing Department of London Film Productions was anxious not to disclose his fee. But a simple sum of subtraction will give you the answer, as this is the only unnamed sum in the £270,000. It must be added that in addition to this fee H. G. Wells gets a percentage on the gross receipts.

I had almost forgotten, there are still one or two minor items. One is the sum of £1,200 for telephone calls. Cables and telegrams came to another £340, and the hiring of the goats, sheep, dogs, and horses amounted to £875. Individual

WAITING TO BE CALLED: During the work of production some of the extras found their scanty ultra-modern attire chilly, but this antiquated stove in the studios did much to right matters. They were paid at the rate of a guinea a day

items already dealt with in the aggregate include the cost of the televisors worn on the wrist by everybody in the year 1970. These cost 1 guinea a-piece, though the one worn by Raymond Massey cost 10 guineas. His huge helmet cost 6 guineas. The gas masks were £3 a piece. Economy is shown in the cost of the "boss's" jacket of sheepskin. This was a mere 15s., while the cloak that he wears

(Continued on page 432)

On left—BORING FOR OIL: A seemingly gigantic piece of machinery used in the rock-drilling episode. In reality it was only a small model

A RACY RACING FARCE: A scene from *Three Men on a Horse*, the mirth-provoking play which is drawing all London to Wyndham's and seems likely to repeat its New York success where it has run for over a year. In his review of it last week Mr. Philip Page wrote: "The speed at which the piece is played, its wealth of the oddest wisecracks, its quaint characters, and the shrewd and hard-bitten philosophy of semi-gangster-land make it a delicious dish"

CURRENT DRAMA

A French Importation at the Shaftesbury: Jane Austen's Masterpiece Dramatised

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

LAUGHTER in the theatre, or, to be more precise, the cause of it, has always been to me an inexplicable thing. I do not mean the whoops of joy caused by funny men who are really funny, by, for instance, that divine buffoon, Mr. Leslie Henson, but by twists and turns of speech and incident in legitimate comedy.

Take, for instance, *Promise*, the play founded by Mr. H. M. Harwood on M. Henry (used to be Henri) Bernstein's *Espoir*, which had a big success in Paris, which it may repeat at the Shaftesbury. Towards the close of a slow, stately, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, dull first act, which gave me the impression of having lasted about a fortnight, Miss Edna Best and Mr. Robert Harris had a pic-nic meal on the stage. The pair of them fed, *coram populo*, and behaved like the civilised beings they are. But each mouthful of cold veal, each gulp of still champagne, was received by an audience plentifully dotted with celebrities of sorts with joyous titters. There was a *crescendo* of merriment as Miss Best and Mr. Harris continued their meal, explaining how hungry they were.

Finally, Miss Best produced some tinned peaches among surges of happy laughter. When, having handed some to Mr. Harris, she said, "I'll eat mine out of the bowl," the audience was convulsed with a burst of Homeric cachinnation which must have been heard half-way down Shaftesbury Avenue.

Now I do not wish to disparage the efforts of either Mr. Harwood or M. Bernstein as humorists, particularly since it is quite on the cards that they were not here attempting to be humorous. But if "I'll eat mine out of the bowl" is a funny line which can—and did—set the whole theatre in a roar, then I am one of the wittiest men alive, and should be making a fantastic income by writing plays instead of something rather less than fantastic by writing about them.

Why is the consumption of food on the stage considered amusing? In this very play people helped themselves to drinks and lit cigarettes without causing laughter. In the last act Mr. Ralph Richardson, an elderly and hypochondriacal husband, took a glass of water in silence; the moment he broke a rusk there were little gusts of merriment.

The whole thing is, I repeat, a mystery. Yet, in the case of *Promise*, the mystery may be capable of explanation, in that there was precious little else to laugh at. This is a play about a middle-aged, bad-tempered woman who does not know what she wants unless it is to make her own family unhappy. Her husband is a cipher, played at such a slow pace (though with considerable subtlety), by Mr. Richardson, that I could not marvel that she treated him with rudeness and contempt. Her elder daughter fell in love with her sister's fiancé, and he with her. As the younger daughter showed few, if any, signs of distress, and soon picked up a rich husband, there seemed to me no need for the mother's melodramatic tantrums, except that this is a French play of the old school, and being "well made," must of course have a big and exciting scene at the end of Act II.

The scene duly occurred, Miss Madge Titheradge making the most of it, and right glad we were for that theatrical outburst after a long period of "well made" tedium. For the last act (six months later) showed all the excitement blown over, everyone more or less happy except the mother, and an utter lack of action and even of interest. Rarely have I known any last act so completely ineffective.

I had always heard it laid down as axiomatic in the case of any play with any claim to be decently and efficiently made that nothing should happen without a reason. Why, then, did one curtain fall dramatically on Miss Edna Best (who acted throughout with much sympathy and understanding) pouring medicinal drops into Mr. Richardson's eyes? We heard no more of Mr. Richardson's failing sight. A rather unpleasant youth at the close of another scene apparently bit Miss Titheradge in the left shoulder blade. We saw no more of him and the lover theme was not developed.

In spite of M. Bernstein's craftsmanship, which I always enjoy, there were many loose ends. And Mr. Harwood's attempt to water down the Pinero-ish pomposity by a translation into semi-American was more praiseworthy than successful.

FAILURE: Oliver Nashwick (Peter Godfrey) sympathises with Clive Monkhams (Griffith Jones) after reading the morning papers containing somewhat indifferent notices of his first play—an episode from Rodney Ackland's drama, *After October*, which a strong cast presented at the Arts Theatre Club last week

"Pride and Prejudice."—That quaint rhymester, Mr. E. C. Clerihew, once wrote:

"The novels of Jane Austen,
Are the ones to get lost in."

Never, surely, has there been such a tangle of sentimental, old-world, and utterly delightful intrigue as in the version of *Pride and Prejudice* which has come to the St. James's after much success in America. Why a play of this type achieved any success at all in America is a problem in solving which I do not intend to get lost; anyway, it is beside the point. The fact that prominent among the characters are a Mr. Bennet and his three pretty daughters may furnish a clue, though I doubt it. Not one of the daughters is named Joan or Constance, and Bennet, it will be observed, is spelled with one "t" only.

Audiences for this play will be divided into two parts—those who have read the novel and those who have not. Possibly the division should be tripartite, with the third, and largest, section composed of those who have not read the book but pretend that they have.

The story can do without analysis, and even defies it. Those of us who know it, and know those people of a distant (and, I'll warrant, a more comfortable) England will find joy in comparing the Mr. Darcy we had pictured with the Mr. Darcy of Mr. Hugh Williams, who gave an admirable performance even if he did idealise that snobbish but sterling person. The bulk of the work fell to Miss Celia Johnson as Elizabeth. Very independent for a young woman of the period, charmingly dignified in her anger; full, indeed, of sense and sensibility. There is humour, too, in those large, expressive eyes.

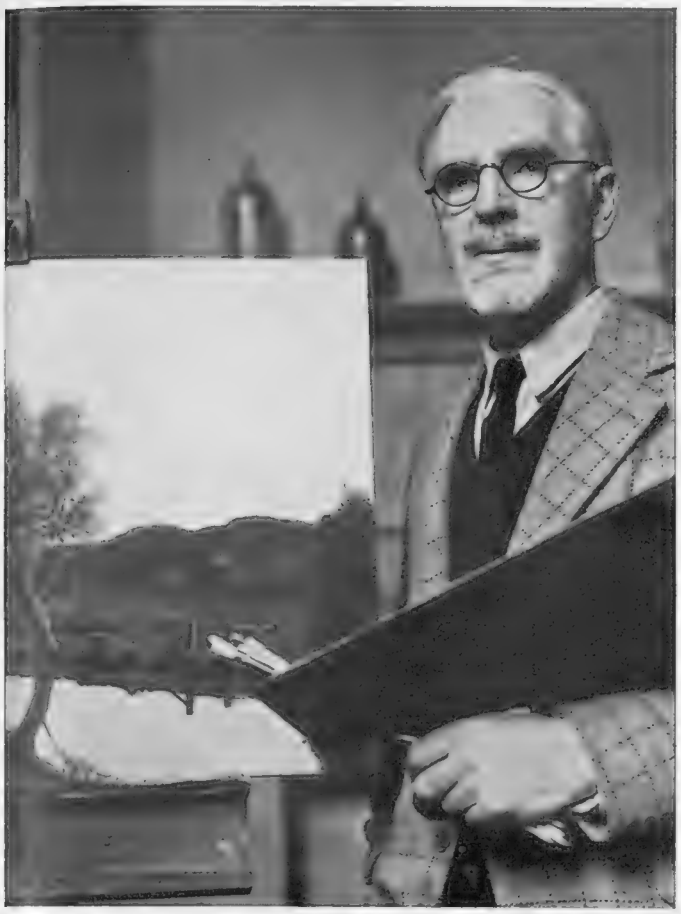
Miss Dorothy Hyson's Jane was as pretty as a dozen peaches, which is no credit to Miss Hyson, for she is built that way, but rather, her good fortune. What I can praise her for is a newly-acquired poise and several moments of tragic tenderness, particularly after the reading of that all-important letter. We rejoiced that she secured her beloved Bingley, well played by Mr. John Teed. Miss Leueen Macgrath, another charmer, was good throughout, and at her best in that vivacious scene in the last act, when she was so justifiably proud of having married her good-natured, rather stupid, but not unamusing colonel—Mr. Deering Wells.

Mr. Lyonel Watts gave the sycophantic parson, Mr. Collins, a more farcical touch than, I fancy, Jane Austen intended, but that was the part in the play, which Miss Helen Jerome has adapted with much skill and tact. Mr. Athole Stewart's Bennet was perfection.

AFTER THE FIRST NIGHT: A gloomy gathering in Clive Monkham's Hampstead flat following the somewhat mixed reception accorded his play—another scene from *After October* at the Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport Street. *Left to right*—Frances Dent (Iris Baker), Armand St. René (Godfrey Kenton), Lou St. René (Leonora Corbett), Rhoda Monkhams (Mary Clare), and Brian Guest (A. R. Whatmore)

ART NEWS

New Associates of the Royal Academy—South African Students at Work on the South Africa House Murals—Renovating the Houses of Parliament



ONE OF THE NEW A.R.A.'S: Mr. Algernon Newton, the noted landscape painter, who has been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. Some years ago, it may be remembered, he had a difference of opinion with the authorities at Burlington House, declaring at the time that in future he intended to ignore the Academy. Of late his work has been in great demand and pictures of his are to be seen in galleries in Brighton, Liverpool, Birmingham, New South Wales, Minneapolis, Pietermaritzburg, and Victoria. Mr. Newton is fifty-six

MR. T. C. DUGDALE, who is well known as a portrait and subject painter, decorator, and designer, and who acts in the capacity of art adviser to a famous textile firm, has also been made an Associate of the Royal Academy, a well-deserved honour which has caused great satisfaction to the many admirers of his work. He was born at Blackburn, Lancashire, fifty-five years ago, and among his outstanding portraits is one of the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith. This picture, which shows Mr. Dugdale engaged in his Chelsea studio on a study of Vivien Leigh, the actress, was specially taken for "The Sphere" by William Davis

ART OF THE STONEMASON: Cutting an heraldic lion out of solid stone during work on the Houses of Parliament, where the twelve-year scheme of exterior renovation is now well past the halfway stage. Many of the old statues being replaced have been purchased by Members, including Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

On right — OVERSEAS ARTISTS IN LONDON: Mr. Le Roux Smith and Miss Eleanor Esmonde-White, winners of a scholarship offered by the South African Government to students of art schools in the Union, at work on their murals in the Minister's ante-room, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square. The subject matter of these decorations is Zulu life and landscape, and the compositions, which are in egg-yolk tempera, are crowded with a series of incisively drawn figures. Both the artists are in their early twenties

VARIATIONS ON THE SPRING FASHION THEME

THIS is a season of kindly fashions. There are practically no eccentricities or exaggerations. The general silhouettes are graceful—fabrics are soft and smooth—colours are lovely.

Very definitely it is a suit year. We shall wear tailored tweeds, tailored silks during the afternoon, and tailored lace at night.

In the photograph on this page you will see two very different types of suit. The seated girl wears a jacket frock, cut all in one, but looking exactly like a coat and skirt. The belted jacket is made in a novelty crackle crêpe in black, white, red, and green, and the slender skirt has a pleat at each side.

The second suit has a box coat in a black woollen mixture fabric with a black and white tweed collar and skirt. The coat has two pockets, and the skirt has an inverted pleat at the centre front with a pointed band at the waist. It is also made in brown and stone, and both suits come from Harrods of Knightsbridge.

THE popularity of suits naturally increases the importance of blouses, and two have been sketched for you on the left. The first is made in printed crêpe in shades of wine, blue, brown, or cherry. It is admirably cut and tailored, and costs only 29s. 6d. at Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W.

From them, too, comes the second blouse—a more formal one in white cloque with a standing frill at the neck, and very cleverly cut sleeves. It has a dipping line on the hips, with a tiny slit at the back, and it is also made in black and in sealing-wax red. It costs 98s. 6d.

The bag—in black, brown, or navy antelope, with watch-dogs guarding the mount; and the gloves—made of the softest kid in all colours, with a stitched circlet of flowers, and a twist of leather on the gauntlet, also come from Marshall and Snelgrove.

● A discreetly Chinese influence is discernible in the heavy black crêpe frock on the left of this page. Rayed tucks give a bloused effect to the front, and silver embroidery accents the shoulders, sleeves, and belt. It buttons to the waist at the back, and costs $6\frac{1}{2}$ guineas at Marshall and Snelgrove.

● An exquisite white broché satin is used for the evening dress, which shows the new fan-shaped back fullness and bustle bow, into which is tucked a posy of bright anemones. The corsage is softly draped across the front, with a clip on either side. This lovely model comes from Debenham and Freebody.

● The Margot hat has won universal approval in Paris, in London, and in America. A charming version is seen on the extreme left. Made in black felt, the heart shaped brim is pleated on to the crown, and a cellophane butterfly rests lightly on the hair. It comes from Swan & Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, W.

● Ciré straw is favoured this spring, and it is very light to wear. The shallow little hat on the left comes from Swan & Edgar, and is very simply trimmed with two ciré bows and a wide meshed veil. The line of the brim is extremely effective and very flattering.

The World of Books

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

"I WOULD rather have been Mark Twain than Baedeker, and Herodotus rather than anyone in the world," writes Mr. Charles Graves in his preface to his new travel book. So far so good, and as a plea for generalities and fables rather than the precise record of facts, it is excellent.

Actually TRIPTYQUE TO SPAIN (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 10s. 6d.) falls between three stools, and makes rather a graceful gymnastic feat out of it in the process. It is not (strictly speaking, or for the benefit of those who still speak strictly) a travel book; it is scarcely a critical survey of Spanish history from the time of the Moors, and it is not the inevitable book which every young author has to write about Spain. It is a book written by a sophisticated young man called Mr. Charles Graves, after he had happened to spend a very enjoyable four weeks driving through France and the northern half of Spain. His impressions are neither scholarly nor naif; they are the impressions of a well educated, fashionably travelled contemporary, who has the gift of observation and the ability of commenting wittily on his observations.

If one could ascribe such a tiresome limitation as a set to Mr. Graves, one would say that in that set he was an unusual figure. Not because one would be either daring or offensive enough to say that it was his intelligence which made him conspicuous, but because he has a bright and unprejudiced habit of mind which can defy the *cliché* atmosphere of Le Touquet or Deauville, and extract its own pleasure and its own amusements.

In the meantime the account of his Spanish trip is refreshing, credible, and entertaining. Undeniably it makes gayer reading than a Baedeker guide, and since those guides are always available for the recital of exact geographical positions and descriptions, one should welcome Mr. Graves' book as a collection of the most friendly footnotes.

The colloquialisms are sometimes funny, sometimes disconcerting, as when the author refers to Cervantes as "a curious fellow" who "was always moving his digs." Mr. Graves also has a magnificently insular moment when he is speaking about a golf club in the north of Spain, where, he remarks with some astonishment, "a curiosity of the club is that the secretary does not speak a word of English."

Apart from such pin-pricking criticism, the book is well worth reading, and particularly from the view-point of those practical and admirable people who are contemplating a visit to Spain by car and want some concrete advice and financial indications.

In any case I am scarcely an impartial critic, since Mr. Graves, I find, feels as I do on the subject of a certain *guide gastronomique* which I had the pleasure of eulogising in these pages in August of last year, so that I was able to follow many of his chapters with the greatest—and greediest—enthusiasm.

THE BOY FROM APULIA (Arthur Barker. 10s. 6d.) is an excellent example of the new vogue for sprightly biography. Mr. Lytton Strachey having proved, once and for all time, that a biographer's attitude towards his subject need not be reverent to the point of insipidness, a great many ambitious writers have followed suit with differing degrees of success and good taste.

To be pompous in biographies would seem to be a sin by contemporary standards; to be lively, even at the risk of accuracy, the ideal. Certainly the stiff, and often violently prejudiced biographies of the nineteenth century seem to justify even such radical changes as these.

Mr. Richard Oke has written, in his own manner which owes nothing to that nineteenth century, the history of Frederick II as he sees it. To say that it is half history and half romance is too loose. Mr. Oke has obviously studied his subject at some length but that has not prevented him from forming his own admirably terse opinions, or from letting his imagination, which for the purposes of this review we might call scholarly, come to his aid.

His Emperor Frederick, *stupor mundi* and enigma to this age, is as little stereotyped as an early Matisse drawing. In the modern manner he is both "de-bunked" and glorified, which is to say that he is glorified for precisely those reasons for which an earlier age would have disapproved of him, and has been skilfully divested of his traditional Imperial glory.

MEN HE HAS MET: The Hon. Ruaraidh Erskine of Marr whose book, *King Edward VII and Some Other Figures*, has just been published by J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., and includes sketches of the lives of such notabilities as Gladstone, Redmond, Asquith, Parnell, Granville, Balfour, and Rosebery. The author is the second son of the fifth Baron Erskine, and is a man of unusually wide interests. He was personally acquainted with all the eminent people he discusses

He was one of the most spectacular rulers who have ever lived, and it is from this point of view that the author prefers to regard him. His strategy and his diplomacy Mr. Oke admits are matters for discussion, but I seemed to detect a wistful note of admiration for his magnificence, for his *corps de ballet*, his curious harem, his musical processions headed by an elephant and a giraffe, his love of falconry, and his feeling for splendour.

From the day of his birth in the market place of Jesi where the mother "had deliberately chosen the strange childbed to defeat the rumours . . . which would assuredly suppose the child supposititious," to the day of his death on his beloved Apulian plain, he was a man alone. Neglected as a child, ridiculed and snubbed as an adolescent, he became the greatest, the most picturesque, and the most powerful figure in thirteenth century Europe.

Unpopularity, when it has reached to the lengths of genuine notoriety, must often interest biographers, if only as a healthy re-action from the commonplace eulogies. Mr. Herbert Van Thal has chosen a fine subject for a biography on these original lines in ERNEST AUGUSTUS: DUKE OF CUMBERLAND AND KING OF HANOVER (Arthur Barker. 15s.). Ernest Augustus was an Hanoverian prince, the brother of George IV, and a High Tory, and supporter of the Established Church, all of which seems blameless enough, and even commendable.

Actually, in the twenties of the last century the Duke of Cumberland was as hated and as despised as a man of his standing could ever be. It was a rough age in which reports never had the subtlety of rumours but became full fledged and scurrilous lampoons within the hour. At that time the freedom of the Press was interpreted as an absolute licence, in the majority of cases, to publish scandalous matter and scurrilous lampoons, and although there may have been a little basic truth, or a spark of fire to account for the monstrous volume of smoke, the Duke's unpopularity grew out of all proportion to fact, and was fostered by the "good stories" which in other circles or times might have been called downright lies.

Two facts are apparent, at this distance in time. The Duke of Cumberland was a failure as a prince of England, and a success as a King of Hanover. In his personality was epitomised all, or almost everything, which made the ruling house unpopular in England. Whiggery and the new-born industrialism were to make their peace with, and effect the ultimate apotheosis of his half-Coburg niece assisted by her Coburg chosen consort.

So the Hanoverian retired to Hanover, and as King became a power in a European political sense never achieved by any of the other sons of George III. Mr. Van Thal has done more than write a good working historical biography; he has given us a sympathetic and discerning portrait of a man, taken from a period which is only, at this long distant day, emerging from the shadow of the distortion of the old political historians.

Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham is a writer who for many years has been a source of enjoyment to the discriminating, and who, but for his predilection for scene and action under the dominion of the Spanish language, might have enjoyed more popularity than he has. For he is not only a great stylist but a good story-teller, with a special gift for the high light of passion in landscape, human emotions, and horses.

MIRAGES (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is a collection of stories, memories, and fantasies. All bear the stamp of his peculiar genius and unswerving integrity, and should there be any doubts about it, the preface, which contains a downright statement of his philosophy should remove them.

Of the "civilising" influence of what he calls the Nordics, he is supremely scornful, holding that the best manicured of them, for all his modern plumbing, "is not really better than the bull-whacker of Haiti or the herder of buffalo in the marches of Ceylon"—a sentiment which may not find an echo among those select young gentlemen who have passed difficult examinations to achieve a dim desk in a gloomy corridor of the Foreign Office, but nevertheless may be true.

Among such a collection one may not pick and choose, and it would be impudent to discriminate. Either you like the elegant, fastidious, and opinionated Don Roberto of these chronicles or you do not. If I count myself one of those who think that he beacons from the abode where the eternals are, I am prepared also to reckon myself among a minority of the population of these islands. All the same, I know I am in excellent company.

Fishermen who may be in the habit of reading about books, and there are not many up and down the river sallows who are not, will be glad to know that THE BOOK OF THE FLY-ROD by Hugh Sheringham and John C. Moore, beautifully illustrated in colour and line by George Sheringham, and originally published in 1931 at 45s. has now been issued by Eyre & Spottiswoode at 15s. Perhaps there is no need for me to say that among contemporary books on the subject this one is both outstanding and a classic. The colour plates alone are enough to give a fisherman hours of brooding joy.

BOOKS RECEIVED

IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—OIL AND GREASE PAINT: Autobiography of Laura Knight. Illustrated. 21s. TRIPTYQUE. By Charles Graves. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. FLYING AND SOLDIERING. By R. R. Money. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. PHILIP ALLAN.—PORT OF CALL. By Christine Campbell Thomson. 3s. 6d. THE CURSE OF RED SHIVA. By Vivian Meik. 3s. 6d. JARROLDS.—MURDER BY NIGHT. By Mrs. Victor Rickard. 7s. 6d. SATAN CAME TO EDEN. By Dora Strauch. Edited by Walter Brockmann. Illustrated. 18s. POLICING THE ARCTIC: the Story of the Conquest of the Arctic by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. By Harwood Steele. Illustrated. 18s. CROOKEDSHAWS. By Winifred Duke. 7s. 6d. COLLINS.—SO LONG TO LEARN. By Doreen Wallace. 7s. 6d. CHAPMAN & HALL.—FAMILY CURSE. By John Hampson. 7s. 6d. ROUTLEDGE. — MEN AND MOUNTAINS: Man's Victory Over Nature. By M. Ilin. 7s. 6d. IS SCOTLAND EDUCATED? By A. S. Neill. 5s. RUNNING ACCOMPANIMENTS. By Henry Wood Nevinson. 10s. 6d. THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SOLOMON. By G. R. Tabouis. Illustrated. 15s. CATHOLICISM AND SCOTLAND. By Compton Mackenzie. 5s. GOLLANCZ.—VENUS OVER LANNERY. By Martin Armstrong. 7s. 6d. THE DEVIL DRIVES. By John Newton Chance. 7s. 6d. MURDER AT 28:10. By Newton Gayle. 7s. 6d. GRAYSON.—SECOND FLIGHT. By Sydney Alberga. 7s. 6d. JOHN HAMILTON, LTD.—DEAD MAN'S GOLD. By Geo. F. Rochester. 7s. 6d. STANLEY PAUL.—UNCERTAIN LADIES. By Michael Shekleton. 7s. 6d. THE HOUSE OF EN-DOR. By Anne Hocking. 7s. 6d. SUSAN SETTLES DOWN. By B. Mollett. 7s. 6d. WARD, LOCK & CO.—ACROSS THE FRONTIERS. By Harry Edmonds. 7s. 6d. GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN. — NIGERIA: A Critique of British Colonial Administration. By W. R. Crocker. 10s. 6d. ROCKETS THROUGH SPACE OR THE DAWN OF INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL. By P. E. Cleator. 7s. 6d. DR. MORATH. By Max Rene Hesse. 8s. 6d. GEOFFREY BLES.—CHARLOTTE. By Wilhelm Speyer. 7s. 6d. WORLD'S WORK LTD.—SHARK GOTCH OF THE ISLANDS. By Albert Richard Wetjen. 7s. 6d. ARTHUR BARKER.—AMERICA CAME MY WAY. By Sir Anthony Jenkinson. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. PETER DAVIES.—ROBESPIERRE. By G. J. Renier. 5s. GEORGE V. By Arthur Bryant. 5s. DUCKWORTH.—ALFRED THE GREAT. By F. H. Hayward. (Great Lives). 2s. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—DINING OUT: How and What to Order, What to Drink, What the Menu Means. By Ambrose Heath. 2s. 6d. HURST & BLACKETT.—HORSE FACTS. By Major A. J. R. Lamb. Illustrated. 5s. 6d.—KEGAN PAUL.—MULES AND MEN. By Zora Hurston. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. MACMILLAN. — NANA: A Memory of an Old Nurse, By Harriet Ide Keen Roberts. 4s 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—GREEK SCULPTURE. Edited by D. C. Wilkinson. 5s. SHOW DOWN. By M. Escott. 7s. 6d. BEYOND JUSTICE. By Albert Richard Wetjen. 7s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—THE PUMPKIN COACH. By Louis Paul. 7s. 6d. FLOWERS FOR THE JUDGE. By Margery Allingham. 7s. 6d. THE MORNING OF LIFE. By Kristmann Gudmundsson. 7s. 6d. MIRAGES. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. 7s. 6d. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—A DIFFERENT WOMAN By Muriel Hine. 7s. 6d. METHUEN.—COLONEL TO PRINCESS. By Victor Wallace Germains. 7s. 6d. BELLS ON HIS TOES. By Darwin L. Teilhet. 7s. 6d. JOHN MURRAY.—SECRET MARRIAGE. By Kathleen Norris. 7s. 6d. MARCHING MINSTREL. By Violet Campbell. 7s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—WORDS FOR TO-NIGHT. By George Buchanan. 5s. HALF THE BATTLE: Harrow, Oxford, London. By Paul Bloomfield. 7s. 6d. SELF AND PARTNERS (MOSTLY SELF): Being the Reminiscences of Sir Charles Holmes. Illustrated. 18s. BEOWULF: Guide Dog. By Ernest Lewis. 7s. 6d. VIRGIN MARTYR. By Katharine M. Willans. 7s. 6d. THE DARKLING PLAIN. By Harold Ford Rossetti. 7s. 6d. DENT.—X PLUS Y. By E. F. Bozman. 7s. 6d. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—NANDA DEVI. By E. E. Shipton. Foreword by Hugh Ruttledge. Illustrated. 15s. CHRISTINA STRANG. By Alison Fleming. Illustrated by Keith Henderson. 7s. 6d. THE PRISONER. By Sally Carson. 7s. 6d. STEEL SHUTTERS. By Gavin Holt. 7s. 6d. HUTCHINSON. — BLACKTHORN WINTER: and Other Stories. By J. D. Beresford. 7s. 6d. LONGMANS.—MEN AND BRETHREN. By J. C. Cozzens. 7s. 6d. RICH & COWAN.—THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF DR. SYN. By Russell Thorndike. 7s. 6d. SELWYN & BLOUNT.—ILLEGAL TENDER. By Edward C. Vicar. 7s. 6d.

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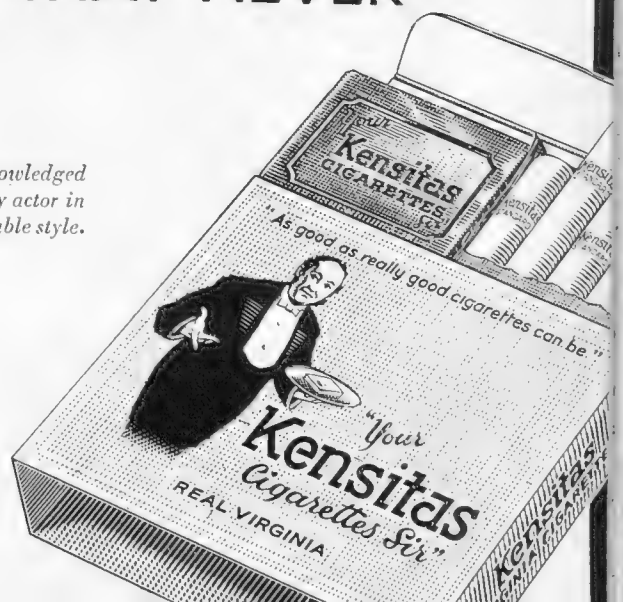

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HERE *and* THERE

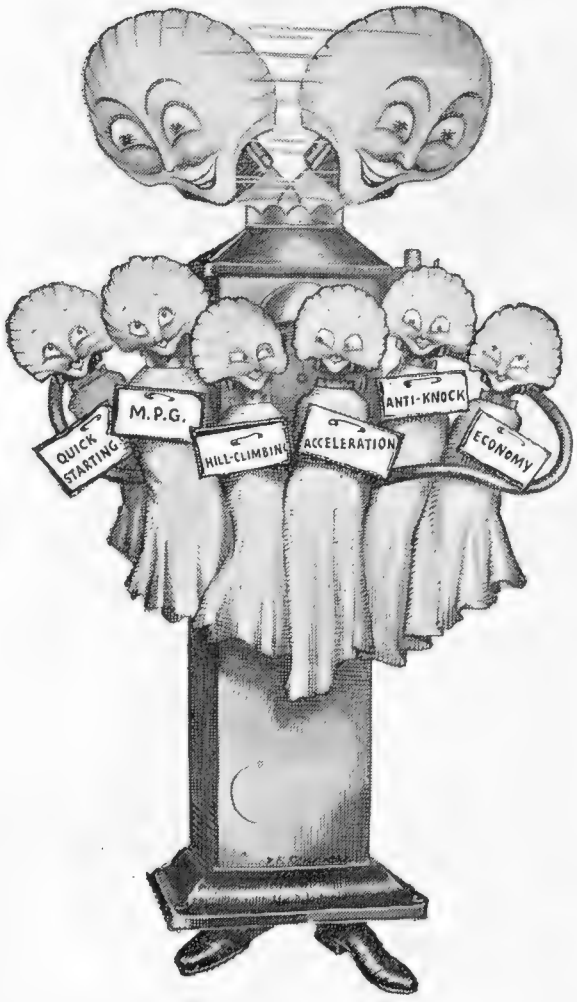
Some Items of General Interest

UNDERGROUND "SPEED COPS": Members of the special squad of traffic police detailed for duty in the new Mersey Tunnel, linking Liverpool with Birkenhead, where there is a special need for surveillance particularly during the rush hours. There are four lines of traffic in the subway, one for fast and one for slow-moving vehicles running in each direction

Above on right—CAVALCADE: Mr. J. Thomson as Bishop Kennedy of St. Andrew's, the famous fifteenth-century Scottish divine, and Mr. W. H. Barbour as Kate Kennedy (his niece), arriving at the Town Hall to be received by the Provost during the great university pageant held at St. Andrew's a few days ago. Another prominent figure in the procession was Patrick Hamilton (portrayed by J. Cameron) who is pictured on the right as he walked barefoot through the streets. This Scottish martyr, it may be remembered, was arrested in St. Andrew's Cathedral, tried, sentenced, and burnt in 1528

On left—LEAP YEAR BABIES: These six infants were born on February 29 at Queen Charlotte's Hospital, Marylebone Road, and will thus celebrate their real birthdays only once every four years. There are now said to be about 30,000 people similarly placed in this country

"Crikey!"



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A Curiosity of Chinese Art

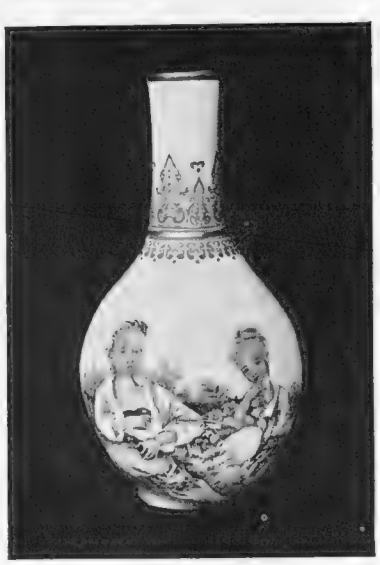
Cantonese Ware with European Decoration

A PASTORAL SCENE: This oblong box, lent by the Chinese Government to the Chinese Art Exhibition at Burlington House, is a very fine example of the blue enamel work of the Ch'ien-lung period, and is typical of the pottery made to the order of British merchants trading in the East in the early days. The European theme of the decoration has often led people to believe that such pieces are fakes, whereas many of them are regarded to-day as of very great value

The International Exhibition of Chinese Art at Burlington House, now sadly enough drawing to its close, has proved an amazing success and has attracted tens of thousands of people whose knowledge of the subject is in no way equal to their enthusiasm.

In consequence there are hosts of exhibits that have not received due appreciation, and this is partly attributable to the uninformative nature of the official catalogue which contents itself with giving the barest details relating to each piece on view.

Exhibit No. 2146 is described for instance as an "oblong box decorated in enamels with a European landscape, female figure, and three rams—Ch'ien-lung period." But no mention is made of its origin which would have undoubtedly added immensely to its interest.



THE BEAUTY OF FAMILLE ROSE: Another fine example of Chinese pottery depicting European figures

This is, in fact, a piece of Chinese ware of the type made during the Ch'ien-lung period to the order of British merchants of the East India Company who had penetrated into China and wished to send home to their relatives or take with them table services and other pieces decorated with pictures of their homes, their wives, or with their family arms. According to Dr. G. C. Williamson, in his book on Famille Rose (Methuen, 1926–27): "There was probably some person in Canton who took a special interest in this work, or who derived some particular commercial advantage from it as agent, or correspondent, or in some other position, acting as liaison between the authorities at the pottery and the traders who placed the needful instructions. In no other way can the similarity of style in the arrangement of the decoration be accounted for, and it is quite possible that this unknown personage was actually a European."

AN ENGLISH TRADER AND HIS WIFE? Famille Rose pottery illustrated in Dr. G. C. Williamson's monumental work on the subject

A TREASURE FROM CANTON: This beautifully made piece, with its decoration bearing an unmistakably English scene, has just been acquired by Mr. Martin Hurst of Roehampton, a noted collector

MAN AND SATYR

A MAN and a Satyr having struck up an acquaintance, sat down together to eat. The day being wintry and cold, the Man put his fingers to his mouth and blew upon them. "What's that for, my friend?" asked the Satyr. "My hands are so cold," said the Man: "I do it to warm them." In a little while some hot food was placed before them, and the Man, raising the dish to his mouth, again blew upon it. "And what's the meaning of that now?" said the Satyr. "Oh," replied the Man, "my Porridge is so hot, I do it to cool it." "Nay, then," said the Satyr, "from this moment I renounce your Friendship, for I will have nothing to do with one who blows hot and cold with the same mouth."

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THE

Monte Carlo

CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON, 1936

MARCH 4	Berlioz' "Requiem," Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
MARCH 5	Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Walter de Frece" Challenge Cup.
MARCH 6	MUSIC—GALA CONCERT, CONDUCTED BY RICHARD STRAUSS.
MARCH 8	Winter Sports—Monte Carlo Ski Club Relay Race at Beuil.
MARCH 19–20	Monte Carlo Golf Club—THE PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE CUP.
MARCH 20	César Franck's "Béatitudes," Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
MARCH 22	Fencing Tournament.
MARCH 25	CLASSICAL CONCERT WITH MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 27	GRAND RECITAL BY MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 28–29	International Dog Show.
MARCH 30–APRIL 5	Annual Tennis Criterium of the Principality of Monaco.
APRIL 1	GALA CONCERT WITH MME. LOTTE LEHMANN.
APRIL 2	Monte Carlo Theatre—OPENING OF THE BALLET SEASON.
APRIL 3	GRAND RECITAL BY MME. LOTTE LEHMANN.
APRIL 4	Automobile "Concours d'Elégance."
APRIL 8	GALA CONCERT WITH FRITZ KREISLER.
APRIL 10	GRAND RECITAL BY FRITZ KREISLER.
APRIL 11–13	Motor Races—Prince Rainier Cup and GRAND PRIX DE MONACO.
APRIL 13–29	Monte Carlo Country Club—Easter Tennis Tournament.
APRIL 14	Monte Carlo Golf Club—THE STANLEY CUP.
APRIL 15	Verdi's "Requiem," Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.

SUMMER SEASON AT MONTE CARLO BEACH: The Beach and Swimming Pool will open in May. The Beach Hotels open on June 1 and the Summer Sporting Club opens in July.

(The foregoing is only a brief summary of the more important events up to the end of April: the programme for February has already been published in earlier editions of the Calendar.)

Travel Arrangements

TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare, £19 5s. Return Sleeper, £9 19s. 2d.
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HOTEL METROPOLE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.

At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Café de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10s. per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., and all travel agencies.

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MORE ABOUT MEXICO

Visiting the Ruins of a Mighty Past

IT is always reassuring to the conscientious tourist to discover that the things he has "simply got to see" are within easy reach of where he happens to be staying. Mexico scores particularly highly in this respect, since a considerable number of the most important pre-Spanish remains are scattered about within a day's journey radius of the capital. The really avid archæologist will, of course, find that his interest drags him as far afield as distant Yucatan (the most westerly state of Mexico, on the south-east extremity of the Gulf), but ordinary people who want to realise something of what Mexican civilisation means, without at the same time submitting to every form of mental discomfort, will be able to realise their ambition in a series of short expeditions.

These expeditions will prove enjoyable in proportion to the strength of one's feeling for the past. There are foreign residents in Mexico City who have never bothered to go near any of the ruins at all. There are Englishmen (and possibly others) who have visited some of them once and have elected to spend every subsequent Saturday afternoon of their lives playing football. There is no accounting for tastes.

Who were the first Mexicans? No authority has any very clear idea about them. The probability is that some 10,000 years ago there was a great migration, or series of migrations, from Asia into the American continent, by way of the Behring Straits, and some of the wanderers reached the narrow base of the North American continent and settled there, while others went still farther south. But how long it took before the first seeds of civilised community life were sown there is no telling. At Copilco, quarrying operations have revealed some valuable archaic remains—graves, pottery, stone pavements which the men of 4,000 years ago must have trodden, as well as remains from later and more highly civilised periods. These excavations are less than half an hour away from Mexico City by bus at a place called Villa Coregón. From the terminus they are best found by hiring a car, and then the local monastery, a rather beautiful building, can be visited at the same time. There is also a charming inn—the San Angel—where one can get a meal. There are other archaic remains at Cuicuilco, equally easily accessible, since it is virtually a suburb, only forty minutes tram ride from the centre of the city.

More exciting, however, are the great Toltec ruins of Teotihuacan. These, indeed, rank high among the great ruins of the world. It must have been a strikingly large city, for even the part of it which has been excavated covers an area of eight square miles. It is situated twenty-eight miles away from Mexico—in a valley where in the old days was a number of large lakes which have since been drained. It was "planned" with as much forethought as modern Mexico City itself — indeed, with more, for all the temples appear to have been built according to some extremely complicated astronomical formula, so that the sun's rays should strike certain parts of them on certain days. There seems no doubt that it was first and foremost a religious centre, the headquarters of a powerful priesthood.

ANCIENT GRANDEUR IN THE NEW WORLD: The Pyramid of the Sun, not far from Mexico City, was the centre of Toltec culture and is thought to have been built at some date between 1000 B.C. and 500 B.C. Many remarkable finds have been made there of recent years

PICTURESQUE TAXCO: A scene in one of the most beautiful of Mexico's hill towns, which stands some 150 miles distant from the capital and at a height of 5,000 ft. The cathedral is a masterpiece of Baroque architecture

The Pyramid of the Sun, to which passing reference was made in my first article, is the best known of the monuments, and everybody who has ever heard of Mexico seems also to have heard of this. Not everybody, however, realises just how big it actually is. In height it is only eighty-four feet less than the Great Pyramid of Egypt. The length of its sides at the base is approximately 250 yards. At the top was originally a golden shrine dedicated to the Sun god, and a huge statue with flashing golden breastplate. What a magnificent sight it must have been! And how magnificent it is even now.

For those who can summon up the energy, (actually, the climate in this part of Mexico is such that you feel capable of undertaking all sorts of extraordinary physical feats that you would think quite beyond you at home), the climb to the top is well worth while, for it gives an excellent general view of the excavations as a whole.

Of very much more recent origin than the Toltec culture is the Aztec, and there is a very good example of this to be found at Teuayuca, on the outskirts of Mexico City. The temple here has only recently been uncovered, and there is a simplicity about it that is very attractive after the lavish ornamentation of the Teotihuacan buildings.

Broadly speaking, the places I have mentioned above are representative of the three main historical phases of native Mexican culture. Between them they will probably provide the sightseer with as many facts and theories and impressions as he can digest. The impressions are perhaps the most important, because the most lasting. They are certainly the most difficult to convey.

In my own case, for instance, mention of Mexico always calls to mind before anything else an evening in Taxco, one of the most beautiful of hill towns, away to the south-west of Mexico City; a town dominated by castle and cathedral dome, with terraces of pink geranium, cool white courtyards, and gushing fountains. It was a *fiesta*, and the streets were full of music and movement and the sudden, startling explosion of fireworks. The children were all dressed up in feathers, mimicking cocks and hens in a ritual dance, until at last, out of sheer weariness, they lay down and curled up to sleep in their serapes on the cobbled street. That, indeed, was Mexico to one person; but it was a personal experience; it cannot be shared.

Richard Nowell

TRAVEL NOTES OF THE WEEK

Answers to Enquiries

A., India (France and England).—The Golden Arrow train leaves Calais at 2.30 p.m., arriving at Paris at 5.43 p.m. Passengers wishing to travel by that train should leave London by the 11 a.m. service to Dover. In the reverse direction the Golden Arrow runs from Paris to Boulogne, leaving the former at 10.30 a.m., arriving at Boulogne at 1.10 p.m., passengers arriving in London at 5.20 p.m. The single and ordinary return first class fares from London to Paris via Dover–Calais are £4 16s. and £8 5s. The supplement for travelling on the Golden Arrow between Calais and Paris and Paris and Boulogne is 14s. 6d. 1st class. The Balmer Lawn Hotel, at Brockenhurst in the New Forest should suit your requirements very well. It is a Honeywood Hotel, these hotels being known for their high standard of comfort and service.

L., Lincs. (Baghdad).—The return 2nd class fare from London to Baghdad is £48 10s. 10d. via the Simplon-Orient express to Istanbul, the Taurus express from Haydarpasa to Tel Kotchek, by motor service of the Iraq Railways from Tel Kotchek to Kirkuk and by rail from Kirkuk to Baghdad. The Simplon-Orient express runs daily, but the Taurus express leaves Haydarpasa on Thursdays and Sundays only, passengers arriving in Baghdad at 6 a.m. on Mondays and Thursdays, four days and four nights after leaving Haydarpasa. The supplement for the 2nd class sleeping berth on the Simplon-Orient and Taurus expresses is £10 8s. 11d. single and £19 1s. 1d. return. There is no supplement for the sleeping berth on the Iraq Railways.

D., Wilts (Spain).—The 2nd class return fare from London to Barcelona via Newhaven, Dieppe, Paris and Port Bou is £12 14s. 5d. and £11 17s. 10d. via Paris and La Tour de Carol. The single fare by Air France from London to Barcelona is £14 18s., the return ticket valid for fifteen days costing £25 7s.

S., Northants (France).—The islands of Hyeres can be reached by boat from the mainland. There is a daily motor boat service from Salins d'Hyeres (reached by branch line from Toulon) to Port Cros and back, while there is a regular service from Hyeres to Porquerolles, there being a Sunday service from Toulon to Porquerolles. Both islands are extremely pretty, being hilly and wooded, coast lines broken by cliffs and sandy coves, and you would find them ideal for a quiet holiday. On Port Cros there is the Hostellerie Provençale which charges fifty francs per day, the Hotel Miramar on Porquerolles charging slightly less.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered

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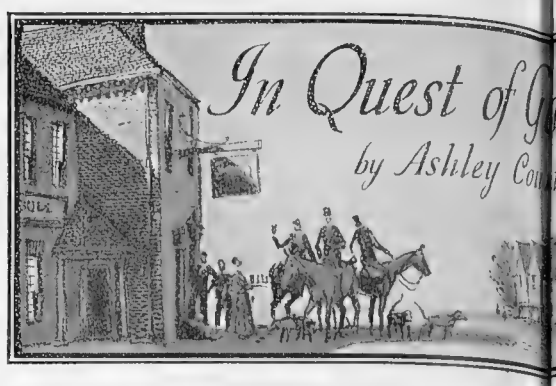

HAVE you ever noticed that there are a number of places which you have always intended visiting, been quite close to, and yet have always missed?

Until a few months ago Sidmouth had eluded me in this way. On the main South-Western line I had been through Sidmouth Junction . . . but that is nine miles away from Sidmouth proper. I had travelled many times in the neighbourhood of Honiton, and had even been as close as the Lyme Regis–Exeter road, but something had always prevented me from going into Sidmouth itself.

However, I made up my mind that Sidmouth should elude me no longer, and though a pea-soup fog did its best to prevent my leaving town, I found myself one Sunday afternoon descending the steep hill into Sidmouth . . . and not a cloud in the sky to deflect the warmth of the sun's greetings.

Although the pleasant reception clerk at the Victoria Hotel was frank enough to admit that even Sidmouth has its cloudy days, it is a curious fact that during the colder months of the year, that is to say from October right through to March, in comparison with other South Coast towns they have a considerable excess of sunshine; Salcombe Hill shelters the town from east winds, and a ring of hills on the north and west acts as a barrier against violent and cold winds from these quarters.

Sidmouth is very popular amongst those "in the know" who would dodge not only Mr. Jack Frost but March winds and April lions.

Sidmouth a hundred years ago was, with the single exception of Brighton, the most popular watering place on the South Coast, and whilst many other resorts have increased in population and have built promenades and piers . . . and encouraged concert parties and charabancs . . . the city, or I should say the Urban Fathers of Sidmouth, very wisely negatived any suggestion of popularising and so ruining one of the few unspoilt places in Britain.

The population of Sidmouth is only some 6,000, but there are more first class hotels in proportion to the population than in any other resort in the country, and whilst in many towns hotels wish that they could elongate their summer trade, the hotels in Sidmouth are drawing people at all times of the year, particularly those just now who want to escape treacherous weather, and prefer and enjoy quiet and unspoilt surroundings.

There is something restful about the Victoria Hotel, and to my mind it is an ideal hotel for those recuperating after illness; and doctors who send their patients there will, I think, enhance their reputation by so doing.

Whoever was responsible for the construction of the Victoria Hotel had

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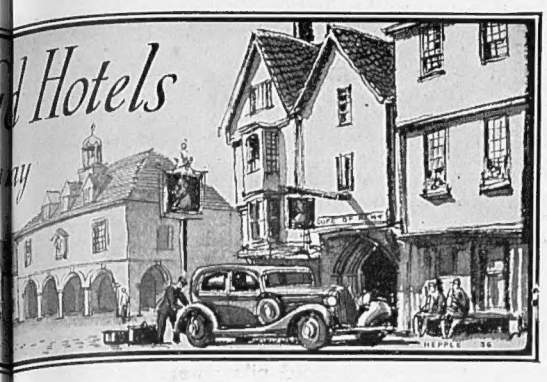

anticipated the needs of invalids, for there are no stairs at all which need be used by the visitors if advantage is taken of the electric lifts which serve all floors in the hotel. Again, many of the bedrooms have windows opening directly on to balconies, facing the sun and the sea. Many of these balconies have cunning little alcoves, so that even if the wind does try to exert its influence around the corner, so to speak, one can sit in the sunshine blissfully ignorant of its presence.

There is no difficulty about having one's own private suite if it is desired, but even if one is quite modest in one's requirements, and only wants a single room, there is a plentiful supply of bathrooms, and, of course, all modern requirements are available.

I hope I have not overstressed the invalid side of the Victoria, because a large proportion of the people who stay there are quite capable of running up the wide staircases two at a time . . . as even invalids have been known to do after a short stay there.

And what do the more active do who stay at the Victoria? They golf on the Sidmouth 18-hole course, which is quite close to the hotel. In the summer they play cricket on Sidmouth cricket ground, which is quite well known and which, with the tennis and croquet lawns, is only 150 yards from the hotel.

The fishermen try their luck in the Otter three miles away, where there is excellent trout fishing. Those who ride to hounds can hunt with the East Devon, whilst those who want to enjoy Sidmouth and neighbourhood just for its surroundings will find within walking or motoring distance many unspoilt spots away from the "madding crowd."

The whole neighbourhood between Axe and Exe is to many an unknown part of Devon. If the motorist turns off to the right or left of the main road he can have plenty of excitement . . . not knowing what he may find around the corner. At almost every turn of the road there is a beautiful view, and if you will go down there in the early spring you will find the lanes carpeted with primroses.

One further word before I leave Sidmouth and its neighbourhood. The Fortfield Hotel, where H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught stayed for several winters, has a close family relationship to the Victoria, as both hotels are under the direction of the same company.

The Fortfield stands behind the Victoria, a little farther from the sea, and perhaps has a little more of the country-house "atmosphere," but at whichever you stay you will find that the essentials of good living are studied.

I like Sidmouth, its hotels, the friendliness of its natives, and the natural surroundings. On future treks westward I shall find excuses for returning.

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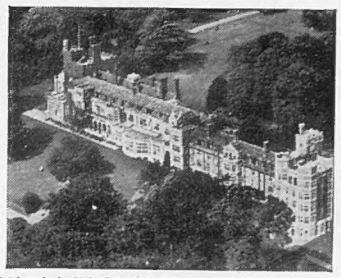

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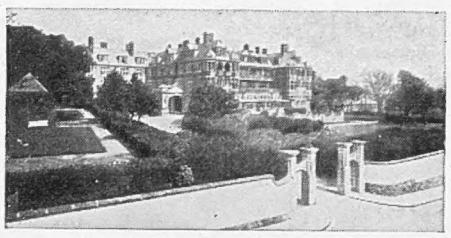

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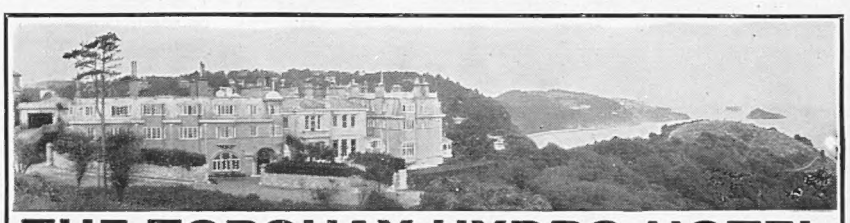

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ARE THINGS REALLY CHANGING IN SOVIET RUSSIA?

(*Continued from page 404*)

is probably the most extreme Communist alive to-day — perhaps he has some reason to be. He lives by the Kremlin, surrounded by permanent foreign delegates, and he maintains incessant touch with the Communist parties of all countries. He periodically issues manifestos to these; I have the latest, just addressed to the French section. It reads as follows:—"France, it seems, has been doing splendidly this past year. Dimitroff gives her full marks and places her now at the top of the class of all nations. In two years French Communism has tripled in strength; it has dug itself thoroughly into the centre of the 'Popular Front' (expected to win the elections); it has worked nobly underground to bring about the Franco-Soviet Pact; it has managed to gain control of a large number of syndicates by getting key men of the party placed as secretaries. For all this, the ever-watchful and controlling Dimitroff congratulates the French section, while not hesitating (so close is his touch, here as everywhere) to admonish the leaders of the Lot-et-Garonne department for sloth, and to urge special attention to the Bordeaux region which has shown retrograde tendencies."

"The main task of the French section must now be to penetrate the large peasant mass," adds the Bulgarian, who further indicates how young and promising comrades are to be trained to staff the new centres it is planned to add to the nine that have been opened in the French provinces since last summer. Each of these centres has a school attached, where already 800 young Frenchmen are under intensive training as likely leaders of to-morrow.

Dimitroff works hand in glove with Stalin, with whom he has a close personal friendship. Their consultations are frequent. For it boils down to this. The Bulgarian is operating in that wider field forbidden to Soviet statesmen who must now more than ever remain on decent terms of diplomatic relationship with the several capitalistic lands it is at this stage not politic to antagonise.

One reads periodically of the "enigma" of the Comintern; of the mysteriousness of its ends. Why there should be any mystery, beats at least one person. More profitable should it be to come to realise that the measure of success or the reverse attained by the Comintern rests largely with others outside of Russia.

There exist at this juncture three readings of what the Comintern really currently amounts to. (Besides acting as a forcing ground of proselytisers, and, also, a voluntary internment camp for the most rabid and troublesome Reds, nearly always foreigners.)

Firstly, that the Comintern is being allowed to fade slowly out, though it can never be formally abolished for reasons given earlier in this article.

Secondly, that this body does, in fact, represent the true and abiding inwardness of Soviet policy, whate'er befall, and that it is only occupying a back seat at this stage for motives of policy.

Thirdly, that the Comintern has passed into a sort of limbo whence it may or may not be retrieved at some later date, all according to how things pan out.

The second of the above may well be found to be the correct view.

The Comintern is the decisive power held in reserve to this end.

Whether Russia actually *wants* war, in order to bring the above collapse about, as the one way to beckon general revolution outside her own borders, opens up a long road of reflection. She might, of course, go down in the turmoil herself. Probably the one who could best give answer to our question is that Bulgarian.

CONTINUATIONS

£3,000 A MINUTE

(*Continued from page 417*)

in the banquet scene cost £2, having been made out of odd rabbit-skins and cat-skins.

To elaborate some of the figures I have already given it may be pointed out that the Special Effects Department, which formed the bulk of the Trick Department, employed 120 men, of whom sixty worked in the pattern, machines, foundry, and sheet metal shops. The rest were plasterers, modellers, and camera experts. Ned Mann's first assistant, who was Lawrence Butler, is an expert on miniature and constructional work. There was also an optical printing expert and a rear projection expert. The latter's job forms one of the most vital parts of the trick photography. Another important section of this department was the painting of glass for miniatures.

As for the air scenes, the location was at Moreton-on-the-Green aerodrome which was built during the war for the defence of London, and used as a bombing school. The field and buildings had long since fallen into ruin, and made a wonderful setting for the film. The aeroplanes were all old types, and had to appear battered and worn. But experienced pilots were in charge of them and the various landings and takes-off were carried out without the smallest mishap. Another location was the South Griffin Colliery near Abergavenny in South Wales. This wild and rugged countryside was ideal for the scenes of desolation following the next war as it allowed for large bodies of men and horses to be concentrated and explosives used without damage to property. Despite its remoteness, however, sight-seers came from every direction and extra police had to be summoned (and paid for) to warn people away from the danger area. At the finish of each day's shooting, beer was served to the local out-of-work miners who were employed in these scenes, and were grateful for it because of the excessive amount of dust and smoke that they had to endure.

The biggest scene of all was constructed at the Worton Hall Studios. It was 250 ft. long, 150 ft. wide, and rose at one end to a height of 50 ft. This is the one that shows a section of the City of the Future. George Perinal, the head camera man spent three days in arranging the hundreds of arc lights used to fill the set with the brilliant sunshine enjoyed by the inhabitants. Over 9,000 amps. were used on this set which is roughly double the total power consumed by the town of Falmouth. It was a lucky day for the extras, 750 were needed on the square to make up the surging crowd which stormed the base of the space gun.

Dressers and make-up experts worked from six o'clock in the morning onwards to turn out this enormous crowd in the costumes of the future.

Altogether the magnitude of the film reminds me of the conversation between the two film magnates in Hollywood. One said to the other "Samuel, your picture is colossal, terrific, epoch-making, tremendous, immense, amazing, prodigious and staggering." "Oh no," said Samuel modestly, "you are far too kind. Honestly, it is only an epic."

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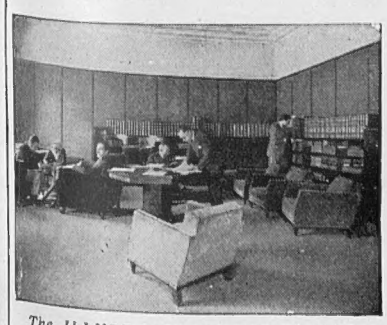

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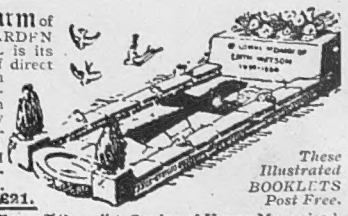

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